

## Do Mi Ti (Why Not Me?)

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# Do Mi Ti (Why Not Me?)

by [NoxiousStrawberries](#)

## Summary

In which an adopted toddler by the name of Tommy becomes the treasure of a twisted angel, a bloodied king, and a drowned poet for “unknown” reasons... who may commit murders and cannibalize other people in town in their free time

[Title from Washing Machine Heart by Mitski]

Feb 27 2024 edit: discontinued — see last/latest chap for info

## Notes

TW: gore, stranger danger

It's meant to be confusing at first, don't worry

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Beginning

The Simons were a family straight from a feel-good, coming of age movie.

Edward Simons was a influential sales man, successful in every possible way. A family man added a caring side to his quiet and sheepish personality, and with his career, he was quick-witted with his deals. Tall, lanky, quiet; these were the words to describe the eldest of the family.

Clara Simons, the beloved teacher of the Esempii district. Loving and strong-willed, she was a mother figure to all, a so-called “ideal wife” by her mother-in-law. Tanned skin with long, brown hair, yet soft eyes were the most notable physical traits of the second oldest.

Clementine and Henry Simons were the prodigy twins, complete opposites, yet completing each other. While Clementine was gentle and shy, Henry was bold and outspoken. Best friends, and best of siblings.

Then, there was Tommy. Tommy was a bit of an oddity. The little three year old didn't have dark hair or dark eyes. He didn't have pale or shaded skin. He was the only one that wasn't actually related to the family. Tommy was in foster care from day one, living through different homes before coming into the Simons' care at age two. Tommy was a moody, day-dreamer of a boy who cherished nature and books.

The Simons were a tight-knit, fun family, who were the closest thing to “perfect” the you could be.

Until Tommy decided to talk about the “Angel” in the woods.

You see, the Simons recently moved to a new town named ‘Hypixel’, still in the general district of Esempii, but more remote. Edward had bought an establishment there to start his own business, and Clara decided that she wanted to teach at a High School level instead. Coincidentally, a spot for a Science teacher opened up at Hypixel's High School, and Clara would be damned if she didn't take it. The house they bought was colored a sweet blue with a red door and a picket fence. There was a good few acres behind the house that eventually met a ginormous forest, with trees that reached to the sky, and greenery that existed freely.

The Simons had tried to meet their neighbors, but were only mildly successful. The white and brick house next to them belonged to a couple by the names Cara and Niki, with their young sons, Mark and Clay. Mark only watched through the window, and the women didn't seem to find this strange, so Clara and Edward didn't mention it. It was a bit weird how Clay left the house on his lime green bike with an eagerness to him, but Mark seemed to flinch at every movement from the outside world. He probably just had an illness or anxiety.

The next house was owned by a nice, yet freakishly tall man by the name of Darryl, with his boyfriend, Zak, and his son, Nick. Nothing odd happened over there, except the quick goodbye from Darryl when Nick said that he wanted to go biking.

Then there was Jason and Timothy Schlatt. Timothy insisted to be called 'Tubbo', and with a sickly sweet puppy dog eye look, the Simons immediately agreed, especially Tommy, who ranted to the four year old. Jason had an old whiskey smell on his shirt, yet seemed nice enough.

The family had invited all of them over anytime, and with happy agreements, they went home satisfied. Everything was normal for the first week or two, but that's when Tommy started to tell his stories. It was endearing at first, to see the small blonde in such awe as he described his encounter with a winged man. Not even an encounter, Clara learned, but more of a one sided staring contest.

According to Tommy (Clara had to interpret what he was saying), he had been playing in the garden in the backyard of their new house, when he saw a figure at the tree line. The figure resembled a man that had dark wings behind him. Tommy said that the man didn't see him, and if he did, he didn't bother to truly look at him. Instead, the figure was looking at a tall, salmon pink house that had another (what Tommy assumed to be; it was quite far) kid outside.

Clara tried to engage more with her son, but his three year old brain decided he wanted to discuss snacks instead, and soon the mysterious man in the woods disappeared for three whole days before Tommy had spotted him again.

Clementine had found him in the garden, waving joyfully to the tree line, with no end receiver. Of course, the eight year old was confused with his actions. She grabbed his hand as she walked off with him.

"Tommy, who were you waving to?" Clementine had asked as she set Tommy down at the kitchen table, Henry closing the door from the inside as they came in.

"The Angel! He saw me!" Tommy exclaimed cheerfully.

"The what? What do you mean?" The twins looked at him inquisitively.

"He saw me! He saw me!" Tommy chanted between giggles, and in the end, the twins never got a real answer.

When Clara told Edward about the situation, he was concerned at first. Was this a mental condition? Was there someone actually in the woods? Edward had sat Tommy down and talked with him, and at the end, they came to the conclusion this "angel" was just an imaginary friend. This wouldn't be the first time Tommy had an imaginary friend; the first was nicknamed 'Sam' or 'Sam Nook', and he was apparently very tall with weed colored hair. Clara was a bit concerned when Tommy said he wore a gas mask and had explosives. Where were the explosives? Tommy never really said.

(How the hell does he even know what a gas mask and explosives are? Clara was still a bit stuck up on that.)

This angel became a constant in the Simon's lives, especially Tommy's. Everyday, Tommy would tell his other family members about the man in the woods. It all came to a stop when

Tommy said something creepy, unnatural to Clara. It was unprompted, and confusing.

It went like this.

Tommy had walked into the living room and collapsed onto Clara's lap, earning a fond laugh. The T.V. was turned on. It was playing 'Chopped', and the competitors were on the dessert round of the show. Explanations of sweet dishes droned on in the comfortable silence.

"He tried to take me away mommy," Tommy said out of the blue. Clara blinked and glanced down at her boy.

"What?" Clara asked, not too concerned. Tommy had said some strange things before, all three years old had.

"He tried... away," Tommy looked up at his mother with a somewhat blank look, "Far, far away."

Clara was a little unsettled now, "Who, baby? Who wanted to take you away?"

"The angel... the angel in the woods," The blonde supplied, "I think... I think that's why he was waving me over..."

Clara, like the good mother she is, tried to talk about this more with Tommy. Tommy didn't want to however, and simply stayed silent when she asked. Clara was paranoid, and slept with Tommy that night. She didn't want to think that something was seriously wrong, but Tommy's behavior was getting to the point of drastic action that the woman didn't want to put him through.

Clara and Edward spent the next two days talking to Tommy, coaxing him to explain what had happened while he was planning outside. Tommy never said anything though, but would occasionally smile and look outside towards the woods.

Clementine and Henry volunteered to watch their little brother all day, and their parent's felt safer seeing the twins caring for him.

The Simons' were a wonderful, normal family, and that's all they would ever be.

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On Thursday, June 23rd, at 3:17 p.m., Sally Dutchman called in about her son, Floris "Fundy" Dutchman, and explained that he had disappeared shortly after going outside to color with chalk. She requested a policeman to come over to help her search. The Hypixel Police Station sent Officer Eret over.

On Saturday, June 26th, at 7:38 p.m., Floris "Fundy" Dutchman was officially reported missing by the Hypixel Police department.

On Sunday, June 27th, at 1:02 a.m., Sally Dutchman found the drawings.

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The date was June 29th, and the weather was beautiful. The sun shined down on Tommy's hair, wind playing with the locks. He had a pout on his face. His hands were stained with chalk, drawings indescribable. Abandoned apples slices and cold water now becoming warm and gross. Clementine had been invited to a playdate with her new friends, Heather and Mars. Henry had gone to tutoring with the math teacher, Mr. Grian. Clara had to move into her new classroom today with her co-workers, Ms. Alyssa (the Computer Science teacher) and Mr. Callahan (the English/American Sign-Language teacher). Edward was the only one home, but had to take a business call three minutes prior to Tommy being alone. He made Tommy promise to run inside if a stranger tried to talk to him or was too close to the house.

Tommy promised, and he was finally alone.

He huffed as he fell back onto his bum, being bored without his dad around. He looked over the the pretty pink house, but the other boy wasn't outside today. The two met once, but only when he was gifted the chalk that he had just colored the sidewalk with.

The older boy from the pretty pink house had walked over to him, holding out his massive collection of chalk. He looked pale, sick, and just dead inside. Tommy had hesitantly gripped the chalk box, the other boy helping him set it down.

"What.. what's this for?" Tommy had asked, already gripping onto a pretty red color.

The other boy shrugged, "Just a gift from Phil. He forced... um... he requested that I give them to you."

"Phil?" Tommy asked curiously, eyes shining with questions.

Sweet, young, innocent diamond blue met with numb, dull chestnut brown. The other boy just walked away, almost running back to his pretty pink house. If Tommy had been older and had paid more attention, he may have seen the clawed, black hand grip the other, sick boy's arm and pull him behind the thick oak tree near the pretty pink house.

But Tommy was only three years old, and he was immersed in the vibrancy in the box that was now his.

Back to the present, Tommy picked up another chalk, scribbling a messy, black mass and naming it 'Ender the Drragon'. As he added the purple into its eyes, a shadow fell over him. Tall and intimidating, long hair and a twisted shape that looked like a crown on its head. Was it daddy? Probably.

So Tommy continued to scribble, spelling mistakes becoming more apparent as he scrawled onto the rough back porch's cement. Just as he finished, the shadow knelt. A sudden warmth was pulsating on his back, almost too hot. It felt like fire. A large hand grabbed his smaller one. It was scarred and had a pink tint to it, many fancy rings with different, shimmering jewels that hypnotized Tommy, especially with the light shining down from the sky onto them. Now, Tommy wasn't one to pay attention to details, but he could tell this definitely wasn't his daddy's hand.

The large hand engulfed his, calloused and rough. For size comparison, imagine a boulder with a pebble on top of it.

The hand brought Tommy's small one to the "Drragon", and crossed out the extra 'r' (Not that Tommy knew that). Each and every spelling mistake was fixed, the large hand a gentle, yet heavy weight on his. The cold rings was a great contrast from the burning heat from the hand's skin.

Tommy let out a puff of air when a second hand pulled him to a firm chest, a puffy shirt hugging his sweet, lemon curls. The hand was as big as Tommy was wide, and it almost knocked the wind out of the small boy by how strong he was being held. A few locks of hair (?) fell into his vision, a pink that was prettier than the house the other boy was usually outside of. Tommy couldn't help but reach out and grip a strand in his little raccoon like hands, and twirl it around. This action only made the hand pull him in tighter.

This went on for a few more minutes, the large hand now holding the chalk itself and drawing more detailed yet simple drawings. Tommy's hands had started to play with the mysterious hand's rings, twisting and turning them every which way. If the hand didn't like it, it didn't move away. It just pressed into his torso more.

Eventually, the hands stilled, footsteps distant from inside Tommy's house. Daddy was coming back, and Tommy couldn't wait to show him the hand's and his drawings. However, the hands just... disappeared, as well as the shadows and heat. When Tommy looked behind him, there was nothing.

When Daddy picked him up and asked him why he was so sad, Tommy just pouted.

Where had the pretty rings and bubblegum locks go?

—

( Hypixel Police Station {4: 12 a.m. 27th June 2021} )

(( Tape Recording 3 ) Third part of interview )

Officer Minx: What did the drawings say again, Ms. Dutchman?

S. Dutchman: Crytic [things] that made no [...] sense! Just a bunch of [non-sense] about an "angel", "a king", and "a siren". Most of them were [very] graphic with gore and [other subjects]!

Officer Minx: How many drawings were there if you had to guess?

S. Dutchman: Fourty.... maybe fifty?

Officer Minx: How long do you think these drawings had been being created?

S. Dutchman: For a couple weeks at most... oh god...

Officer Minx: Me and my partner [Officer Finnster] went through the pictures provided, and we found one that was never reported... if you can look at this, Ms. Dutchman... We would



like an explanation...

S. Dutchman: [Studies photo for a minute] I.. I've never seen this before... it wasn't there with the others...

Officer Minx: According to you, the main people in the photos are called "The Angel of Death", "The Blood God" or "King of the Antarctic", and "The Siren". This one is labeled as "Theseus". Do you know any "Theseus" by chance?

S. Dutchman: No... No! Didn't you hear me I said I've never [...] seen this kid before! Why do you keep asking pointless questions?! My baby is missing, and you're [...] -

(Recording Ended)

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It was now July 4th, and the Simons were invited to go to the lake by a few other neighbors, two of them being Cara's household and Darryl's household. Clara had bought fruit and towels, the twin's carrying sand tools, Edward carrying Tommy towards the beach. Tommy had found a green and white bucket hat in the garden, sitting on his chalk box, and he just had to wear it for this special occasion.

He wanted to show Tubbo, but the Schlatts had been invited by a close family friend to dinner and games with a few other people, and Jason had accepted the offer. Apparently, Jason's friend's name was Ted. Tubbo rambled about Ted fondly, and even though Tommy would miss him, he was happy that his best friend was going to hang out with such a big man. A truly, big, pog man.

"Okay, how about here Clara?" Edward stood over a smooth, sand surface, shifting a restless Tommy in his arms. Tommy wanted to swim already!

"Oh, its perfect my love!" Clara exclaimed joyfully, her sundress bright and colorful. She came over and set the towels down. She then sat the cooler down, Clementine and Henry almost jumping onto it and grabbing the different bowls of fruit.

"Clara, Edward! Can we join you?" The two parents turned to look at a cheerful Darryl and Cara, each holding a beach umbrella. Niki was holding Mark's hand, the boy practically shaking. Clay and Nick were further behind, deeply conversing with a short boy, strange goggles strapped onto his head.

"Of course Darryl. You too, Cara! Where's Zak today?" Clara asked and invited with a friendly air around her. The conversations and festivities droned on from there, and Tommy couldn't really find interest in what all the big people were saying. Clay, Nick, and their goggle wearing friend, George, were playing in the water. Clementine and Henry were playing in the sand, peaches and pineapple slices all sandy and crunchy. The adults were all sunbathing, chatting back and forth about whatever was relevant or came to mind. Whatever, they were talking about had to be bad, judging by how hush their voices had gotten.

Niki, however, was walking over to him with the four and a half year old known as Mark in tow. She was carrying a few floaties. Her smile was bright, and was a great contrast to the

nervous look of Mark.

“Hello, Tommy. Would you like to play in the water with me and Mark?” The woman asked kindly. Tommy looked down at his sand piles. Yeah, he would like to swim.

“Yeah,” Tommy shakily got up and waddled his way over to the shore with Niki and Mark in tow, “Wanna swim.”

So, that’s how Tommy go into this situation. Niki had put floaties on him, and had only went to waist high water, keeping a steady hand on both Mark and Tommy’s floaties. Niki had let go of his floatie for just a second when Clay and his friends came roughhousing around the three of them. It really was just a second.

So how the hell did he get into the middle of the lack so fast? He could faintly see the pinprick of his friends and family. The water was cold, dark, and scary. He didn’t like it. The waves were subdued, but it still rocked him back and forth. It would have been soothing, but it was terrifying being all alone in the middle of a great body of water.

Tommy couldn’t help it. He was cold, and was confused. He began to cry, snot starting to drip down his face in great globs. He wanted his mommy, daddy, Clem and Henry, and the strange neighbors. He tried kicking, but his little, stubby limbs were getting him nowhere.

It was scary, and cold, and he hated it, and he was-

Two cold, wet, webbed hands emerged from the water and grabbed Tommy’s face. It wasn’t rough, but more firm than anything. It wiped the tears off his face, lake water mixing with tears and snot. The hands were cold and slimy, but not gross. Just different.

Tommy was just glad not to be alone.

The hands traced the shape of his eyes, nose, and jaw, before brushing over his neck and shoulders. The hands found themselves under Tommy’s delicate armpits, lifting him up in one swift movement. The hands would lift him up and drop him into the water was like a ride to Tommy, and he found himself giggling over and over again. He looked into the water and swore he could see a face beneath the surface, pale and looking like a watercolor painting. Dark curls floated in the water, eyes a beady black, a sharp nose and thin, purple lips that were curved into a smile.

Suddenly, the hands pulled him under, and Tommy inhaled water quickly, lungs suffering. The hands pulled him deeper, and deeper, and deeper.

Until they didn’t.

Tommy bobbed back up to the surface, the water completely expelling from him in one hasty action. He found himself next to Mark and Niki, who was lecturing Clay for almost hitting Mark. The four year old looked at him with eyes as wide as saucers, mouth open in awe.

Tommy was no longer in the center of the lake, but instead where he had been when Niki let go of him. No one seemed to notice his sudden reappearance except Mark, who was still

quiet. In surprise or horror, Tommy couldn't tell.

Maybe Tommy didn't want to know.

All he knew was that he was safe, and he was okay.

Tommy never told anyone what happened, but he could've sworn that when he looked over his daddy's shoulder as the family walked away, that there was a tall man in the center of lake, standing on the water.

Eh. It was probably just his imagination.

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On July 5th, 8: 27 a.m., 2021, Sally Dutchman was reported dead by Officer Minx and Officer Finnster.

There was no sign of a struggle, and the death was clean.

S. Dutchman was found in her bed, tucked in. There was no blood, but there was a wound on her torso that exposed her organs. However, the heart was missing, as well as the appendix and the lungs.

There has been an investigation into her death since July 5th, 9: 00 a.m., 2021.

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The ticker of the woman he killed was fleshy and warm. The blood dripped down his arms, forming hideous patterns of agony.

His black, clawed fingers squeezed the vital organ until it popped. He smiled, wings merrily ruffling behind him.

He always wanted a mother's heart for his collection, and he couldn't wait to explore the differences between a broken one and a whole one.

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The appendix was prodded by the sharp utensil, the magnifying glass hovering over it. A bit of bodily fluids leaked out of the small organ, causing a hum of approval from the man who was examining the fleshy rock.

He would do with this blood. Maybe if he just added some more spices and fruit.

He was running low on wine, and you would be surprised at how much flavor a single appendix could add to the beverage.

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The lungs were cleaned off by the lake's natural water, singing coming farther away. Several other lungs were piled into the watery cove, all in different states of decay. All of the different sizes, all different colors.

A slimy hand reached out from the cove's cliff, snatching one of the smallest lungs.

The hands tore the lungs apart, bringing the flesh up to a thousand toothed mouth, the singing echoing everywhere.

He was always glad to have a new variety to choose from when it was feasting time.

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‘Cryptids are reported to be very possessive and protective of things they claim to be theirs.

Most cryptids chose items or an animal, but it is not unheard of for a cryptid to single out a human and care for them.

This “care” is extremely strong, and the cryptids will try and steal the human away from the rest of society, with a strong belief that others are trying to take the human away from them.’

The boy sighed, and closed the book. He was glad that the other him had gifted the book to him at such a needy time.

He would deal with... them tomorrow.

For now, he would dream of the past, present, and future.

# Anger and Loss Does Shit to a Man

## Chapter Summary

A lil bit of The King action for you

And lots of The Angel for you

Also, for what Nick and Clay do in this chapter is something my cousins and brothers would do 100 percent so

Yeah....

It's kinda based of them

Anyways enjoy!!!

## Chapter Notes

TW: Injuries, descriptions of gore, strange contortion shit

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The air was dry and humid, the July heat unforgiving to everyone in the small town. The news of Sally Dutchman's death and her son's disappearance caused a haze of depression to fall over Hypixel, many creating posters to rememeber her and to spread awareness of her son's missing status. Tommy tried to help his mommy and Ms. Cara with one of the 'missing' posters, but Ms. Cara just told him that he should go and play with Clay and his friends.

Of course, that's what Tommy was doing. Clay, Nick, and George were all messing around with a black skateboard, flames on the underside of it. Mr. Zak had gotten it for Nick for his last birthday, and the older boys were totally fawning over it. They were taking turns on the skateboard, trying to do different tricks, mostly failing, George being the only one who actually managed to flip the board and land successfully on it. Tommy watched with great curiosity, clapping and pointing when one of the older boys failed, his new found friend, Mark, picking at his shoes instead.

The older boys seemed to revel in the attention they were recieving from the little one. Clay would purposely push George and Nick off the board to get a reaction out of Mark. It was in Mark's nature to be naturally subdued and anxious, but Clay still tried to get a smile out of him. It wasn't really working.

After fifteen minutes of watching George try and do more flips on the board, Clay pulled Nick aside, whispering a plan to him. Mark was a follower, Tommy was more of a leader. If Nick could show Mark that Tommy was having fun with the board, then maybe Mark would follow. Clay just wanted his baby brother to enjoy himself for once.

Nick is a great friend. He listens well, and will do almost anything for anyone, which was a trait he got from his father. It was a no-brainer that he would go along with the plan. Unfortunately, he wasn't one to think things through. This was a trait he got from his mom. Clay was head-strong, stubborn, and determined; Once he got an idea, he wanted that idea to follow through.

So, yes, this wasn't a full-proof, toddler safe plan but it was a plan nonetheless.

"Hey Tommy," Nick crouched down to the blonde's height and setting their (Clay and his) plan in motion, "Wanna try the skateboard?"

"What-" George's voice cut off before starting again, "No, Nick! He's basically a baby still!"

"Oh, c'mon Gogy, It'll be fine! I'm gonna hold his hands and everything!" Nick had picked Tommy up from his armpits, walking over to Clay who was holding the skateboard. The dirty blonde set the board up and Nick set Tommy's stubby legs onto the unsteady board, hands holding his. Tommy didn't really like it. The movement reminded him of the waves of the lake when he was alone.

"Seriously, Nick, stop!" George exclaimed, walking towards the two, but Nick was already nudging the board forwards which caused Tommy to move with the board which then caused them to start moving together. Tommy couldn't decide if he liked it or not, but Mark was pretty evident in his discomfort. He stood up, and started to pull on Clay's pants.

Clay either thought he was being clingy or didn't pick up on his nerves.

It was all fun and games until Nick had pushed the board to hard, causing Tommy to fall of the board and onto his face. When had Nick let go? Maybe it was when Tommy zoned out and focused only on the motion of the board, or when he was listening to Mark being in distress, but Nick had let go, and Tommy had fell.

His face slammed into the driveway. Silence had never sounded so loud, and the only movement was the skateboard rolling away from Tommy's body.

Then, he cried. He cried and cried, nose bloody and running. He heard a sharp intake of breathe and George starting to shout at Nick, Nick and Clay defending him, and Mark stumbled over to him. Mark's hands were sweaty, and Tommy didn't really like the feeling of his digits wiping tears off of his face.

"Tommy... Tommy, don't cry!" Mark's desperate pleas only seemed to upset Tommy more.

The pain was agonizing.

Until it wasn't.

Instead, there was heat. Hot fingers brushed blood off of his face, in awkward movements. The pads of the hand's fingers were calloused, and it added a strange texture to the skin that met Tommy's soft cheeks. Cold rings pressed into his face, little indents littering his skin. Tommy's teary eyes opened and were closed against his will when fingers brushed them close, determined that no tears escaped his eyes anymore. Tommy swore that he could hear a deep, rumbling, monotone voice bounce around in his head.

"It's okay," it said, "He'll pay. They'll pay."

Then there was a sickening crack that happened right as the heat evaporated. There was crying, but it wasn't from Tommy. No, it was from Nick and Clay, whose noses were grotesquely bent in different directions. A bloody waterfall gushed from their nostrils, dripping onto their shirts. The bridges of their noses were already bruising, all different colors of the rainbow; Black, yellow, green, blue, and purple staining their flesh.

George rushed towards his friends, startled, eyes wide. Nick held his nose while Clay just brought his sweatshirt up to try and clot the bleeding. How was there so much blood?

Once again, Tommy looked at Mark, almost to confirm that what he seeing was real, though Mark was looking at him, face as white as a sheet.

Tommy failed to notice that his nose wasn't bleeding anymore, that the bruises on his nose were beginning to heal.

But Mark noticed.

—

'Cryptids come in all shapes and forms.

Most cryptids, against common belief, were once humans.

It is really unknown how humans become such monstrosities.

Many say that they sell their soul to evil gods or spirits.

Others will say that some humans have died, and have come back because they are vengeful or have been wronged.'

The book closed as the boy looked outside his bedroom window, looking outside to see his neighbors, Mr. Darryl and Mr. Zak dragging their son, Nick, back to their house. It was concerning to see the blood pouring down his nose.

It wasn't hard to know which one of.. them... caused that.

But why?

It made no sense. The King wasn't known for being one to fake kindness or care for his victims; The Angel usually did that to lure the unknowing children in, and the boy didn't even try to understand The Siren's motives.

The boy turned his gaze upwards to look out at the woods.

“What are you three hiding?”

---

After the whole skateboard fiasco, Tommy was fussed over all day, and Nick and Clay were grounded (Nick for a week, Clay for five days). It was almost comical seeing Mr. Darryl freak out over Nick, Mr. Zak having to attempt to calm both down. Ms. Cara was obviously pissed off, and without a single word towards her oldest son, her household went home.

Tommy was kind of relieved that Mark — once again — didn't mention the strange happenings that surrounded Tommy's new life here. Tommy didn't want to make anyone upset by talking about his strange imaginary friends when everyone already seemed so sad.

Therefore, on July 9th, Tommy decided to make everyone happy again by coloring pictures for them. The little blonde had gotten Clementine and Henry to get him colored paper, pens, pencils, cheap markers, and random stickers for his upcoming creations.

If there was one thing Tommy Simons was good at, it was making things. That's why he and Sam had gotten along so well. Tommy missed Sam, but Sam had to go the day Tommy had to move, stating that his fiancé was waiting for him back in the 'In-Between'. Apparently, Sam's fiancé's name was 'Ponk' or something, a real cool guy. Tommy was sad to see his friend go, but he hadn't been the first.

Before Sam, there was a guy named TimeDeo, or just Deo who wore sunglasses and a silly Christmas hat. He had known Deo for a year. Before Deo, there had been Fungi, an energetic fox. He had known Fungi for two months. Before Fungi, was Harold, a real senile old cow that would chew on Tommy's hair a lot. He had known Harold for three months.

Tommy had never really gotten attached to any of them, but that didn't mean he didn't care for them. They weren't really constant in his life, just popping in every now and then.

Tommy shook his head and focused back onto his drawings. He was currently making a picture for George, blues and greys melding together to form a poorly drawn boy. It looked god awful, but Tommy thought it was fit to fight Vangough's own paintings. The light from his bedroom window shown brightly onto his wooden floor. Distantly, Tommy could hear Clara in the kitchen, pots and pans clinking and clanging together. If Tommy focused hard enough, he could feel the vibrations in his tummy, which he was lying on for his coloring. For some reason, Tommy felt a cramp in his back. It was small at first, but then it quickly became sore.

Tommy rolled over onto his back, rolling back and forth to stretch his muscles out in pure three year old fashion. His head lolled to the side where he faced the abyss under his bed. There was a daffodil yellow paper and a blue marker next to the bed, one that had been there since Tommy plopped his papers down in a messy manor.

It was the twirled writing however, that was not there from what Tommy knew. The words were written in neat, yet clumped, fancy cursive. Tommy sat up, grabbing the paper gingerly. He held it up to his face as if it would help him read it better.



‘Hello’ the words said, ‘I like your drawings.’

Under the words were the note, ‘P.S. Write back please and thank you.’

Tommy blinked. Huh... was this a magic trick? Tommy knew how good Clementine and Henry were with those. Maybe they did this to scare him! They didn’t even expect him to write back because he’d be so scared! Well, Tommy wasn’t a scaredy-cat. He was a big man, one who managed to kill a spider on his own.

Tommy picked up an orange marker and wrote below the words his own response, ‘Hi and thank yu.’

After a hum of affirmation, Tommy decided to slide the paper back to its normal place. He rolled back onto his tummy, picking up some more crayons and adding more details to George’s hair and face. After three more minutes of drawing, Tommy could hear scribbles from behind him. He looked over his shoulder to see more of the cursive writing from under his response.

Tommy knew he should leave the letter alone, but it had magically written back to him; A magic letter! THE Magic Letter!

Tommy grabbed the paper and read it, which said, ‘Your welcome :) Does your nose feel better?’

Tommy smiled. The Magic Letter was so considerate, and the smiley face reminded Tommy of Mr. Darryl’s (who had notes littered all over his house for Mr. Zak and Nick to remind them of chores or important events).

‘Its bettter, thaks you. whats your nam Magik Leter?’

Tommy slid the paper back to its normal spot, gleefully giggling, happy to converse with such a strange self-writing paper. Looking back at his drawing, he started to add the black to George’s goggles. From somewhere in the house, he could hear the theme song of ‘Jeopardy!’. Probably daddy.

Tommy let out more infectious giggles as he heard scribbling from behind him. He turned around to see the blue marker roll away from the bed. Tommy paid it no mind and just grabbed the paper, eager to read it.

‘I apolgise to disappoint you, but I am no magic letter.’ The paper read.

‘Then whatt are yu’ Tommy responded.

As if in response, Tommy huffed and felt a cramp in his stomach, which made him want to cry. He rolled back onto his back, head once again lolling over to the side as he put the paper back into its normal spot. Tommy’s eyes widened as he looked under the bed. His heart pounded. The blood rushed to his ears.

Under Tommy’s bed, was a face fit for an angel, all the way back near the wall. Pale, beautiful skin fit for porcelain doll was shaded from the shadows, golden locks falling over

the face's shoulder like a waterfall.

Scared, young sky blue met distorted, dilated, hazed atlantic.

The face's lips pulled into a smile, clawed hands contorted in strange ways under the bed tapped their fingers two times. In fact, the face's whole body was contorted, broken, nightmarish. Stark black wings mixed with silver were infused with the shadows.

In a flash, the hand reached from under the bed towards the little boy.

Tommy couldn't help it.

He screamed.

—

The boy shifted in bed, eyes scanning in the dark of his room to read the book.

'Cryptids are dark, evil things, made to destroy anything and everything.

They may, however, retain traits and habits from their old lives.

This leads to the interesting explanation of WHY cryptids form bonds with animals/humans/objects.

Basically, the theory (most likely explanation) is that these animals/humans/objects have a strong resemblance or physical traits (smell, taste, feeling, etc.) of something the cryptid once had or knew.

This means that a cryptid can be reminded of someone/something they loved, hated, was scared of, worried for, etc.

This leads them to be so desperate for who they once were (normal, working, living, etc.) that they'll form a certain kind of love for this animal/person/object, no matter what the previous relationship was with that animal/person/object.'

The boy closed the book, mind drifting to the past. He had a theory to why The King, The Siren, and The Angel were acting like this. He hoped it wasn't what he was thinking it was.

"Karl?" The boy's mother called into the darkness.

"Yeah mom?" Karl responded, sitting up in bed.

"You okay, honey?" Karl only nodded, setting the book down. He got up and opened the door, hugging his mom.

He really hoped that it wasn't what he was thinking it was.

—

Lying under this stuffy bed wasn't really what he wanted to be doing. It was cramped, and he was grateful once again that he was shadows, and shadows was him. His eyes watched the

messy scribbles of the small boy on the grey paper.

His heart felt bittersweet.

He wanted to run his fingers through those lemony locks that were so familiar. The hair he loved so much.

He wanted to trace every bone and slight imperfection on the boy's skin. He wanted to make sure it was the same, the same as it was the last time he saw it.

He wanted to make the little one giggle and smile, to make the boy's cheeks glow pink out of euphoria. Just like the old times. Just like he used to.

He shifted a little bit, wings trapping him from under the bed. He had to stifle a chuckle at the boy's random animated movements. When he heard of Tec- The King's random comforting act of the boy after he had fallen over, he had been in disbelief that the coldest one out of all three of them could care for such a grumpy and silly three-year-old. He had also felt anger for this little boy being hurt.

(If only you heard the earful The Siren had gotten when The Angel heard that this little boy he had gifted his hat to lost it because of The Siren's stupidity.

He made the drowned man swim to the to every length, to every nook and cranny to find his hat.

It was still a work in progress.)

That was the main cause of why he was here, under the IKEA bed frame. He wanted to make sure that The King had taken care of the injury as good as he should've.

He held back a sigh. He wanted to talk to him. His eyes got sight of an abandoned paper and marker and slightly smirked.

Perfect.

By the time he was done here, done with his silly letter writing, done with introductions, he would steal... no... retrieve this boy who he had lost.

The boy he had lost from so long ago.

## Chapter End Notes

Oooohhh

Was it all you hoped for?

If you're wondering

Mark is Ranboo

Sapnap has a mom and a dad, but he lives with his dad for eight months out of the year, cause his mom works overseas a lot (she's currently in Puerto Rico)

So yes, Bad (Darryl) was once in a hetero relationship and had gotten his gf (Sapnap's mom) pregnant

The two split cause it wasn't working out \*cough\* Sap's mom is a bitch lover but is actually an okay mom \*cough\* and it led to co-parenting

Darryl started dating Zak when Sapnap was five years old

Yes, you'll meet Sap's bio mom (we all know that Zak/Skeppy is the better mother figure in his life) in later chapters

And yes, there will be The Siren in the next chapter so don't worry

Hope u enjoyed

:)

# Regret can last forever but love lasts longer - Some poet probably

## Chapter Summary

Tommy vibes and gets a somewhat real introduction to one of our cryptids :)

## Chapter Notes

First off, thx you all so much for the love!!!

It means a lot to me!

Also, if you've never vibed in a bathtub in your swim suit, you haven't lived

Less horror more fluff for this one

No Karl either :(

Anyways, pls enjoy!!!

TW: death, stranger danger, low key manipulation, gore described but it's light

:)))

Also I don't reread anything I write so sry if it's bad lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Tommy, baby, please,” Clara begged, hands trying gently to remove the toddler from her waist. Tommy just snuggled into her farther, hands gripping her blouse harder.

It had been two days since the ‘Angel-under-the-bed’ incident, and Tommy was not faring well.

After he screamed, the lightbulb in his hanging light had burst. The room was thrown into complete darkness, Tommy still being able to see the porcelain face from under the bed.

It was ingrained in his memory how the pale skin of the face deformed and stretched until it was no longer under the bed, instead right in Tommy’s face.

There was a distinct smell of wood, peppermint, and somehow, death on the monster.

Looking closer, the face didn’t look as beautiful, flawless. It looked rougher, sicker, tired.

The little blonde wanted to scream again, but he couldn't. He felt paralyzed.

He wanted to flinch when the face got impossibly closer, and he was staring into an empty abyss of an eye, malice tap-dancing jovially across the deep blue with an inability to move.

He wanted to scramble when the previously clawed hand reached towards his chest, tips twitching in what appeared to be malevolent eagerness.

Luckily, Tommy's dad had stormed into the room, his mother right behind him. When the two adults entered, the light had repaired itself, the shadows retreated, and the face was gone. Clara had to take Tommy's to Jason's house just so Tubbo could calm him down. Tubbo always managed to make Tommy feel safer.

After that incident, Tommy refused to sleep in his room, opting to stay with Clementine or Henry. He flinched at the loudest sounds, and had run away sobbing when Clay jumpscared him when the Simons were visiting Ms. Cara's household.

Right now, Clara was having a "teacher meeting" at her house (it was really just a summer dinner party for her and her co-workers), and Tommy refused to leave her side. Clementine was having a sleep-over at Mars' house, Henry was playing with his new friend Clarencio, and Edward was having a late night at the business. Clara had tried to coax Tommy into going to his room with everything she could think of: Coloring books, movies, music, stuffed animals, even her phone. Nothing worked. Tommy absolutely refused to be in that room alone.

Luckily, the other teachers didn't seem to mind. Ms. Alyssa and Mr. Callahan were there with drinks, Mr. KSI (The health teacher) showed up with some snacks, as well as Mr. Slimecicle (The biology teacher). Eventually, Mr. Plant (the gym teacher), Ms. Rose (the school nurse), and Mr. Bomb (the history/geography teacher) showed up with different desserts. The principle, Mr. Vikkstar, couldn't show up unfortunately.

They all were nice to Tommy, giving him snacks and desserts early, but Clara needed Tommy to detach, even if it was for two minutes. She loved her little boy to death, but he had been clinging to her since everyone else in her house left. It was draining her.

"Tommy," Mr. KSI attempted to help, "Leave your mum alone for a few minutes. She's tired."

Tommy just stuck his tongue out at him, which caused the health teacher to laugh loudly. Clara flushed a bit at Tommy's behavior.

"Tommy.... how about you....." Clara trailed off, tapping Tommy's forearms as she thought.

"Have a pool party!" Mr. Slimecicle cut in, smiling brightly, obviously proud of his idea. The teacher's either nodded or looked at him confused.

"What?" Clara asked, though she did feel a wave of relief when Tommy seemed to consider his suggestion.

“A pool party! Just get your swim trunks on, fill up the tub, and go at it!” The biology teacher explained.

That’s what led Tommy to this, he supposes. Damn the nice teachers, and damn his mother for giving him her bubble bath stuff. Here Tommy sat, bath barely filled up, bubbles up to his collarbones, random bath duckies galore. He didn’t want to admit it, but it was quite fun.

He could splash and babble as long as he wanted, and he was safe! It was common knowledge that you should never invade someone’s bathroom time. The monster under the bed would have to be really rude to barge in on him in the tub — even if he wasn’t naked.

One point for Tommy. Zero points for the monster-angel-porcelain-face-thingy.

Clara left a radio up there for him, high out of his reach, low on volume. It was nice though with the tunes. His mother would be checking on him every ten minutes, even though there was barely enough water to actually do something to him. He thought of the lake and shuddered. He still loved the lake, but decided he only liked it when Mark was with him.

Mark was a good friend. Sheepish, awkward, clumsy, shy, and weird, but a good friend none the less! Whenever Mark was around, he felt better about his hesitance with water; Mark was terrified every time a wave crashed onto the shore, so it was easier to openly flinch around him than anyone else. According to Mark though, was that the water wasn’t scary, just a intimidating. Once he was in it with his floaties, he was good.

Tommy splatted his hands down onto the soapy water mass. He was feeling better already.

Maybe he that monster didn’t exist, like daddy said.

A few moments passed of careful consideration.

Yeah, monsters don’t exist-

The bathtub water made a strange blobbing sound. It caused a small wave to go back and forth, hitting Tommy’s tummy, the strings of his swim trunks wiggling with the motion. The duckies all congregated near him, but Tommy just stared at the other side of the tub. His breathe hitched as a duck floated over there. Was the monster back to get him?

He watched as still as a statue as the duckie circled the area of the strange noise. Nothing. Tommy visibly relaxed, picking up a few duckies, making them talk to one another.

This was the life! Maybe he should just move into the bathroom and live here instead. He could have Mark and Tubbo over for play dates... OH! What if they just moved into the bathroom with him! God, he’s such a genius.

“Sir, can you spell ‘e’.... ‘economy?’ Tommy put on a deep voice, using a bright pink duck to talk to a shorter one. He dubbed the pink duck “Sir Billiam”, a cool king, biggest of men.

“Of course... ‘A’,” Tommy couldn’t help but laugh at his own made up response. His laughter trailed off when a snorting sound erupted from the water, sounding like someone obviously trying to be quiet. Bubbles popped up, rocking a duckie back and forth.

“Wha’.... are you laughing at me lone duck?” Tommy asked the duck near the strange sound. He knew that no duckie could make a sound like that, but no-one else could have. He stared at the duckie for a few seconds of silence. From downstairs, he could hear loud laughter. Sounded like Mr. Bomb and Ms. Rose.

The light flickered above Tommy, causing him to glance up nervously. When he looked down he jumped a bit. A dark, slimy, webbed hand that had a disgusting blue tint to it was holding onto the ducky, making it face him.

“I am, gremlin” A garbled voice replied. It sounded like someone was speaking underwater, and it must have been from underwater, since bubbles popped up again. Tommy couldn’t bring himself to yell for his mom, cause this hand wasn’t clawed or a sharp black. It was gross, yes, but not really scary. They looked a lot like the hands from the lake.

“Oh.... well.... um.... how dare you?” Tommy’s response sounded more like a question than an outraged demand. It didn’t through the other ducky off though.

“Oh, I dare very much. In fact, back in my day, I was considered a daredevil. It would only make sense, for I,” The voice stopped with a dramatic pause, “am the Dirty Crime Boy!”

“The... Dirty Crime Boy?” Tommy queried.

“Yes.” The hand moved towards towards him further, hand making the duck nod.

“Oh....” Tommy stared at the hand before grabbing Sir Billiam and a few other duckies, “Wanna play with me then?”

Tommy knew that he should call for his mom. He knew he should get out of the tub. He knew he shouldn’t be talking to a hand and voice that came from the water.

However, something about the voice was just so convincing.

Convincing Tommy that he was safe, that the hand wouldn’t harm him, that he was okay. That the hand and voice just wanted to be his friend.

Who was Tommy to refuse?

---

He slammed his fist into another tree, black claws tearing at the bark.

How could he be so fucking stupid?

He just wanted to keep that boy safe, and he went and made him scared of him. How was he so dim-witted, so messy in his kidnapping. Well, attempted kidnapping.

He had been doing this shit for years; Luring kids away just to drain them of their happiness and health. How had he suddenly forgot all he was made to do?

Suddenly, he hacked. Horrible coughs left his lips. God, he really needed a few healthy, warm bodies to cheer him up and to stop his... illness from returning. It always came back when he



was upset.

So, with a great flourish of feathers and wind, he lifted himself off the ground and flew into the sky. It was dark out, stars being spotlights to the clouds. His wings made soothing beating sounds, distracting him from his... human.... feelings. Ugh, it even grossed him out thinking of it.

His eyes caught sight of a bonfire from the vast expanse navy blue. Five figures stood around it; Two females, three males. All five were drinking, singing songs, talking excitedly with one another.

All five were young, beautiful, healthy, and so utterly unexpected.

They were perfect.

Their perfection would be his.

---

Tommy huffed, fingers all scraggly and white. Him and Dirty Crime Boy had been playing for a good hour now. Every time Clara had peaked in to check on him, the hand would fall back into the water. The moment she left, the hand would pop back up again, voice picking up where he left off. Tommy liked the silliness of the voice, but he was starting to get fussy for staying in a place for so long.

The voice seemed to notice this.

“Are you bored?” The voice asked, still strange sounding.

Tommy only hummed his affirmation. He was sleepy, and he wanted to be in his warm bed right now. The voice seemed to chuckle and ‘aw’ at the boy’s sleepy state. Some splashing was heard near the other side of the bath, but Tommy was busy picking at his fingers.

“You seem a bit tired too,” The voice was no longer distorted. It was instead clear and sweetly accented with a British twinge.

“Wanna go night-night, gremlin?” The voice was intoxicating, filling Tommy up like a glass of hot milk, silky honey, and sugary buttermilk cookies. It only made him more tired.

“Yeah” Tommy mumbled out, looking up to meet the face of a man.

His skin was a strange combo of fair and moldy grey, eyes with deep bags under them, an icky yellow outline to them. His hair were dark, loose curls, dripping with water. His sharp nose was a free bridge for droplets to go to his jaw. His eyes seemed to be only a pupil, looking beady and black, almost like a fish. Or a corpse. He dawned a muted yellow blazer, a dull blue tie that looked more green-grey than anything, a white dress shirt with a brown jacket over it. Brown dress pants wore more ebony colored, fogged over glasses resting in the crook of the blazer. His lips were discolored and so was the tip of his ears.

Tommy was scared to death.

However, the voice started up again with a, “Let me get you to bed, then.”

The man stood up, stepping over the tub. His shoes were scuffed yet fancy looking. He turned around and leaned over, pulling up the drain to the tub. The man was close enough that Tommy could smell murky lake water mixed with cheap cologne.

Due to Tommy’s tired state, he failed to notice that the man appeared to be soaking wet, but was not dripping water onto the ground at all.

As the tub drained, the man turned around and grabbed a fluffy bath towel from the rack. He approached Tommy, and moved one of his slimy hands to wipe the excess bubbles off of his skin. His touch had a dry skin undertone. After the man brushed the bubbles off of Tommy to the best of his ability, the blonde went to get up, but was stopped when the older (?) opened up the towel and faced him. In one swift movement, the man had wrapped Tommy up in a snug towel burrito. It was done as if it was natural, as if the man had done this all before. Maybe he had.

Tommy felt a waft of air as he was picked up, head resting on the wet man’s blazer. Jeez, how tall was he?

“Alrighty, now, which room would be yours,” The man asked, but it sounded more like he was just talking to himself. The bathroom door opened with a soft creak, sharp footsteps sounded down the hall with the wooden floor helping them create more distinct sounds. Eventually, Tommy heard a door open, close, and he was set down on the floor. The man turned around, digging through his drawers. The man let out an ‘ah-hah’ and turned around with a pair of star pajamas.

The man walked towards him, crouching down and unwrapping the towel around Tommy, standing him up. Tommy watched as the man dried his hair off before beginning to gently dry the rest of his limbs off. He did turn around and let Tommy dry off his private areas and put on his underwear. After Tommy was covered, the man helped him get dressed into his plush sleep clothes.

Tommy was led by the hand to his bed. He fumbled up and into it, the man drawing the covers up to his chin. The man smiled down at him, teeth sharp like a shark’s. Tommy gave his own sleepy, baby-toothed smile back.

The man’s voice was hushed as he asked, “Would you like me to sing for you, love?”

Tommy nodded, sinking further into his bed. The man sat on his bed, fingers caressing his face, trailing down to his neck as he began to sing.

“I figured out what can move me

It’s trains and hugs, planes and (the man paused for a second, as if he had to think something through) sushi

And I’m sorry, but Boris, I’m leaving

I’m not good for anyone here

We reached the end of a decade  
Greenwich morphs to an (The man paused again) arcade  
Suffolk turns into a highway  
Up to Hamlet's a tax break  
New Islington, a headache  
And Richmond's still shit"

Tommy's vision blurred as he began to slip into sleep.

He watched as the man seemed to transform into a more attractive and normal looking person, hair becoming chestnut, skin half-lidded eyes becoming wheat shaded. Clothes started to become more vibrant, glasses becoming clear.

His room seemed to change too. It looked older and simpler, bed losing color and turning into a plain white. His pajamas were white, too. Tommy felt almost older, taller, more of a weight on his mind.

But before he could get a clear grip on what was happening around him, he fell into sweet slumber, and began to feel three years old again.

"But they'll knock down the pubs before helping you  
They'll burn down your towers before helping you  
They'll charge your health care before helping you  
They'll jump under trains before helping you

And even though I'm finished  
I'm not quiet done with it  
No matter how far I run south I'm always there

My lovers, my colleagues  
My best friends and enemies

I don't think I want to leave you..."

"Goodnight, Tommy," The man whispered, giving a small kiss to his hairline.

If Tommy had heard that, he would have questioned how the man knew his name.

But he wasn't.

---

On July 15th, 10:17 a.m. 2021, Officer Eret called in about the death of five campers in the woods of Hypixel.

The deaths were less clean and more brutal. Many fractures were evident just from prodding at the bodies. There was evidence of a struggle.

The victims are listed below:

Adam Corpse (23M), Imane Anys (24F), Rachel Hofstetter (29F), Thomas Sykkunno (28M), and Jeremy Wang (29M)

A. Corpse was reported to be missing the left portion of his face, chest cavity torn to shreds.

I. Anys was reported to have the top of her head caved in, several cuts on her neck.

R. Hofstetter was reported to have her entire bottom half separated from her body.

T. Sykkunno was reported to have entire torso split open, intestines wrapped around his throat, tied tight enough to cut off airway

J. Wang was reported to have both arms and legs torn off

All of them were missing their hearts.

---

Clara sighed as she walked up the stairs to her room. Her feet dragged, and her mind felt heavy and fuzzy. Like someone had been digging around in her head. How ridiculous!

She turned the corner to the hallway when she spotted the green and white bucket hat hanging off the handle of Tommy's door.

Huh.

It wasn't there when she had put him to sleep. Wait.... when did I she put him to sleep?

She remembers doing it, but not what lead up to it.

Jeez, maybe she really was just that tired.

---

Mark picked at his nails. He watched outside his window, watching the strange drowned guy slip away from Tommy's house. His anxiety spiked, worry filling his veins. Was Tommy okay?

A ebony black hand came up to his face, caressing it softly.

'Go to sleep' was the unsaid words of Mark's own imaginary friend.

A white hand pushed Mark down onto the bed.

'We will keep watch'

"You will?" Mark whispered out into the darkness. His grayish eyes locked with the glowing burgundy and neon green.

The black hands patted his hands a couple times, the white hands pulling the blanket down over his ankles (Mark moved quite a lot in his sleep).

‘We always do’ they said.

With that, Mark drifted off to a fitful sleep, two heavy bodies on either side of his.

## Chapter End Notes

I’m curious

Any theories on the cryptids relationship to Tommy? Did they know him before? Does he just remind them of someone?

Or are they just obsessed with something so pure and innocent?

Also, Mark has “imaginary friends” too!? POG

Feedback is welcome :)

Adam Corpse is Corpse Husband, Thomas Sykkunno is Sykkunno, Rae, Pokimane, and Toast are there too!

They kinda dead tho

:)))

# WikiHow: How do you bond with a child that doesn't know your real?

## Chapter Summary

Tommy, the twins, Mark, and his mom start the planting process in the garden

(And a certain socially awkward pig looking mf may help Tommy with his gardening portion the entire time)

## Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the lovely comments, I read every single one!!!

I would like to mention that i don't go over what I write, which causes some extra words or accidental capitalization, so please just look over those!

I literally have nothing better to do lol

Please enjoy :)))

TW: Descriptions of gore (light), more stranger danger, heavy amounts of fluff (it's my coping mechanism)

Oh, Mark is having a mental crisis  
Again

ALSO

I have never farmed/gardened in my life and it shows but here's what i know about potatoes and it's from a website so

You cut the potato (I think this is actually optional) and you plant it and it should grow!!

If any of you guys garden/farm please correct me in the comments

I literally have no idea how so I'm sorry if it's inaccurate

:/

“Mark!” Tommy ran out of the house towards the other boy, arms wide. Mark stumbled back a bit when the blonde ball of energy jumped onto him. The two met in an friendly hug, Ms. Niki chuckling behind them.

“Hello, Tommy,” Ms. Niki greeted. Tommy looked over Mark’s shoulder to smile brightly at her, before grabbing Mark’s hand and leading him into the house and towards the backyard immediately. Clara met Ms. Niki at the front door, both greeting each other joyfully.

Today, Clara wanted to start working on the garden in the backyard, and Ms. Niki (who’s parents owned a greenhouse that she used to care for in her youth) volunteered to help her with it. Tommy wanted to join, which led to Mark wanting to join, which led to the twins volunteering to help. Clay was going to the park with Ms. Cara and Nick’s family, along with George. Apparently, some kid named Karl was going to hang out with them too with his friend, Alex.

Once again, Tubbo was going to Ted’s house since Jason had to go for an out of town work meeting.

At this rate, Tommy and Mark should just go kidnap him.

The weather was the definition of “summer”. The sky was a sweet turquoise blue, clouds dancing with each other before drifting away to vibe by themselves. The wind was playful, twisting Tommy’s curls and flipping Mark’s platinum brown locks. Clementine and Henry turned around when they heard the footsteps of the younger kids, exchanging ‘hellos’.

Ms. Niki had walked out into the garden area with Clara right behind her, holding soil bags and shovels, talking about whatever came to mind. After distributing the shovels, gloves, soil, and seeds/plants to each kid, the adults sent each kid to a part of the garden.

Clementine would handle the pepper and lettuce, Henry would do the tomatoes and zucchini, Mark would do all the pumpkins (though he seemed to be hesitant) and carrots, and Tommy would do the strawberries and potatoes. Clara and Niki would handle the flowers and would make lunch later in the day.

Tommy hummed as he messily poured the soil into his spot, patting it with his shovel with no real purpose. Clara knew he wouldn’t really know how to properly plant the potatoes, but Tommy didn’t need to know that Clara and Edward would rearrange the garden the next day.

For ten minutes, the kids and adults worked in harmony, easy conversation constantly filling the silence. Tommy shifted the bucket hat on his head. Clara had given it to him this morning, and Tommy could distinctly smell aloe and forests in the material. It kind of reminded him of the monster under the bed, but not entirely. It was more natural, more human.

He decided he liked it.

Tommy pouted as he attempted, once again, to plant the potatoes correctly. Another failure. How was he even failing at gardening? This is ridiculous.

“What is he even doing?”

Tommy froze at the voice; At first his mind supplied that it was the Dirty Crime Boy, but the tone was different. It was deeper, more monotone, and it seemed to rumble in Tommy’s core. The blonde looked up to see the largest man he’s ever seen.

This man was built like a mountain, and the dahlia pink locks that flowed over his shoulders were like the waterfalls. A twisted crown sat upon his head, jewels of every color hidden within the gold vines of metal. An offwhite blouse was loose around his torso, a blood red cape acting like a cloak. Black leather pants and leather boots looked worn, obviously well loved.

He sat on the wooden bench Edward had made, leaning forwards with his hands between his knees in an interlocked position. His body language screamed bored.

Tommy looked around, but no one seemed to notice the man of muscles sitting to the side of him. Tommy just looked back at his soil, not really knowing what to do. He didn’t look scary like the monster but he didn’t look friendly like Dirty Crime Boy. He just looked like his one hand could crush Tommy’s head, and Tommy didn’t know if he should find that super cool or super uncool.

Tommy just decided that the guy wasn’t bothering him, so why would he bother the guy. He began to try again at his gardening assignment.

“Bruh... does he even know how to farm? Noob.”

‘Noob’? What the hell is a ‘noob’? Tommy didn’t really know, but judging how the guy used it, it wasn’t exactly a compliment. Tommy picked up his shovel, digging it into the earth to find a good place for the potatoes; He was holding one of the potatoes with an iron grip.

“Wait,” Out of Tommy’s side vision he could see the guy lean towards him, “ Is that a... no.... oh my god, no...”

Gee, this guy was really in distress over some potatoes? Tommy just glanced over at Mark, who seemed to be talking to himself. He gazed up in the air as if peering at someone, but stopped when he saw Tommy looking at him. Strange.

“Okay maybe this isn’t so bad-“

Tommy reached into the potato box and dumped them all into the hole. He heard a sharp intake of breathe and the sound of thumping from the bench. When he looked over, the regal looking guy was banging his right fist into the bench. He held his face in his left hand, bringing it up to slap his face a couple times.

He was the perfect image of a mid-life crisis.

Tommy, out of feeling bad and confused, picked up a few potatoes from the hole and held it up to the guy, “I... I’m sorry!”



The guy paused, hand dragging down his face. Cruel, bloody, crimson met startled, pure blue. He looked around himself, as if checking Tommy was talking to him, before turning back and looking like a deer caught in headlights.

“Ah... um... yeah..,” The pinkette replied slowly, “I... uh... how much of that did you hear?”

“Of you?” Tommy asked.

“Yeah,” The guy nodded, “Of me.”

“Oh. Everything!”

The guy just sighed, dragging his hand down his face again. He looked at Tommy as he stood up. He removed his cape and dropped it on the bench as well as his crown, flipping his hair back over his shoulders. He walked over, crouching in front of Tommy. He was so close that the little blonde could smell something metallic on him and the faint smell of alcohol (He could thank Mr. Schlatt for that one, though it did seem rather old and forgotten).

The rings Tommy had seen before glimmered once again because of the sunlight. His large hands reached into the soil, rearranging and positioning the dirt in certain ways. The guy’s voice began to instruct Tommy as the three year old slowly joined in. The two worked in harmony, the guy poking fun at Tommy at random times, making the blonde pout but still have some giggles escape from him.

Who know gardening could be so fun?

---

Clara wiped the sweat off of her forehead, brushing her hickory colored hair back. She stretched, back sore for crouching down for so long, sighing when her back popped satisfyingly. Her dark eyes caught sight of Tommy.

She quirked a brow as Tommy giggled, looking up into the air. What was he... OH! His imaginary friends. How sweet!

Clara felt her heart squeeze with an overflow of affection, her face squishing up. God, her son was so cute!

She turned back to her section, grabbing the Poppy seeds and placing them in their dirt spots. She could have sworn that out of the corner of her eye, she saw a burly man with the brightest pink hair she’s ever seen grabbing Tommy’s hands to help with the strawberry seed packet. When she looked back, there was no one there.

Clara simply shrugged it off. The heat must have been getting to her.

---

Mark rolled his shoulders, bones feeling heavy in his delicate body. He had woken up way too early in the morning, and it was affecting his mental state. God, Mark would do anything for a nap.

It certainly didn't help that his burgundy eyed, pitch black, monster friend kept rubbing circles into his back.

And the neon green-cyan eyed, pearly white, other monster kept running his hands through his hair.

Ran (the warm colored eyed one) and Boo (the cool colored eyed one) were always one for physical touch. It was almost overwhelming at times. Ran was obsessed with bone structure, the color of pigment in Mark's skin, every little bump and scrape. Boo was more of a detail oriented "person" who had to touch every random swirl of hair, brush every bent eyelash back into place, and stare into his eyes at all possible moments.

Mark sighed and leaned back into Ran, lazily swatting Boo's hand away. It didn't work though, and the white, spindly claws finding their way back into his hair.

"You have your own hair to play with Boo," Mark mumbled under his breathe. It was true that Boo had stringy, white hair of his own that was so long that it formed a white pool of locks on the ground.

As usual, Boo ignored him, simply doing a long stroke in Mark's hair.

"Ran," Mark looked up into the monstrous face of Ran, "Tell Boo to stop."

'Boo' Ran started, voice deep and silky.

'No,' Boo responded with. "No" was always Boo's favourite response.

'Boo. I'm not asking. Leave Mark alone,' Ran stated, eyes staring at Boo challenging.

'Or what?' Boo seemed to snort.

The two were on the ground in seconds, grunting slurs at each other (mainly Boo), and occasionally trying to subdue the other into a calm state (always a Ran move). The two lanky, skeleton built monstrosities wrestled and twisted on the ground.

Mark tilted his head to look at the scene only he could see unfolding in front of him.

"Seriously?" Mark hissed quietly at them with no real venom in his words, just exasperation, "This is like.. I don't know... the fifth time this month."

He stopped when he saw Tommy looking at him from the corner of his eyes looking at him. Mark blushed and awkwardly looked down at his hands.

These two were going to be the death of him. Mark considered himself lucky for finding a way to deal with them for three whole years. Mark couldn't remember them from that age or how they met, and the two always refused to say why.

Mark could hear the echo of that weird king guy near Tommy.

Guess he and Tommy were in same boat.

All they need is for Tubbo to have his own “imaginary friend.” Mark snorted at the thought of Tubbo having a freaky pal like him and Tommy.

God, what was Mark’s life, and how was Mark so comfortable with it?

Who knows. Who knows.

---

His lungs burned like he was inhaling chemicals, eyes watering. His fingers were bloody and ruined. He felt light-headed, seeing stars, feeling like he was drowning and flying at the same time.

He retched again, bloody trickling down his chin, onto his orange hoody. He tried to stand again. He tried to run.

But he couldn’t.

He began to struggle to breathe as he heard the winds change and the singing coming from behind him. He forced himself to stumble farther.

They were so close, so very very close.

They were finally going to end his misery, let him escape from his now treacherous existence. He would be free. They would never hurt him again.

But, strangely enough, he didn’t want to die.

He wanted to go home, to his salmon pink house. He wanted to get his chalk back from that Simons kid and to draw to no tomorrow. He wanted to be in his mom’s arms again, her darling prussian blue eyes and her dark ginger hair.

He wanted to be safe.

He wanted to be okay.

“Fundy,” That stupid, horrible British voice sing-singed behind him, calling for him. The monster’s voice sounded like happiness, chocolate-chip cookies, and home.

“Don’t run away from me. Just stop and relax,” The voice ordered, venom and malice dripping down each word.

He wanted to run, but his body wouldn’t. He was stuck. He was stuck and he was going to die.

So he cried. He sobbed so violently that hot tears mixed with deep blood, his head pounding ten fold, his heart feeling like it was ripping. He crumpled to the ground, fetal position. It wasn’t fair. He just wanted to be their friends. That’s what that Angel promised him.

So, this is it. He, Floris Dutchman (called “Fundy” by family; not like he had any left), was going to die. His heart would end up in a collection, his appendix would be ground up for

wine, and his lungs would be eaten.

As the signing echoed and got louder and the sound of wings rang down from the heavens, the boy let out one last sob for help.

But nobody would come to help him.

Nobody did for the others.

So why would someone show up for him?

The Siren and Angel couldn't help but laugh, a horrible sound.

The only sounds after that were a scream, a crunch, and then sweet, sweet silence.

---

"No, stop it," The pinkette grunted as he turned his face away from Tommy's raccoon like hands that were gripping an lemonade glass and holding it up to the guy's face, straw waving like a flag in front of his mouth.

"Just drink it!" Tommy demanded "It's my nana's rec... recipe! Its the best juice you'll ever have!"

"Its not juice, nerd, that's lemonade," The guy deadpanned, "Plus, I saw you dump literal spoonfuls of sugar into it."

"So? It adds more to it," Tommy once again thrust the glass into the pinkette's face. The guy just groaned, rolling his head back to try and avoid it. The two had been going at it since Clara and Ms. Niki had called them in for lunch, Tommy dragging the brute to the kitchen, ignoring the pleas from the taller. Clara had simply chuckled at Tommy's actions, not aware that there was someone actually there with her son.

She was glad that her son had found a way to keep occupied.

"Please," Tommy used his ultimate weapon with that word: "The Puppy Dog Eyes". The pinkette stared at him with critical eyes before visibly give in, shoulders deflating, eyes softening a considerable amount. The giant of a man gripped the glass and took a deep breathe of regrets before chugging a good half of the glass.

His eye brows scrunched up and his face turned a little pale but offered a half-assed smile when Tommy asked him how it was. The blonde couldn't help but feel a little smug that such a tough looking guy liked his drink.

Tommy did look at him confused when the pinkette kept smiling at him, "Wha'?"

"You never change, do you?" The pinkette looked lost a bit, eyes becoming a bit distant. Tommy shifted a bit as the weight of the brute's arm dragged him in just by an inch.

"Um... I don't under... understand," Tommy just his words carefully. The pinkette just smiled wider, more genuinely.

"I know. You never did. That's why you came to me for everything. Everyone else thought it was so cute, especially your..." The pinkette seemed to become lost in his daze before snapping out of it when Tommy poked his cheek to make sure he was okay. The giant instantly shifted back, adding distance to the two of them. If Tommy thought he was weird before, now he was sure that this guy was on drugs or something.

"Uh.. sorry... that happens sometimes..." The guy sheepishly apologized, clearing his throat.

"It's okay," Tommy responded, not really knowing what else to say. He could've sworn he hear the guy whisper under his breathe the words 'It's not. It never was', but Henry interrupted his thought process.

"Tommy, the suns gonna set soon. Mark and Ms. Niki just left, so mom wants you inside," Henry said before adding, "Mark said bye, by the way."

"Okay, Henry," Tommy smiled up at his older brother. When he turned to say goodbye to the Goliath of a person, he was gone. Tommy looked around confused before Henry picked him up and took him inside the house.

And if Tommy swore he saw a figure giving a short wave for him from the tree line before entering it that coincidentally had the same pink hair as his new friend, he didn't mention it.

But he did wave back.

---

The King sighed and kicked a rock out of his way. That had been an utter diaster. Seriously, he could rush into war with his allies for freedom but he couldn't say goodbye to a single child that probably had the brain the size of a pea?

It didn't help that when he arrived to the cove that The Siren was looking at him with the most smug expression, legs hanging freely in the water. In his hands were lungs that looked brand new; A kill had happened while the pinkette was playing babysitter. The organs were child sized, a healthy color with a few internal bruises, but The Siren said it added flavor, the freak.

"I don't want to hear it," The King spit out at the drowned man, who just quirked a brow before looking back at the lungs.

"I wasn't even thinking of saying anything," The Siren denied. The King just rolled his eyes at that statement.

"Where is he?" The King asked.

"The furry boy or the old man?"

"You know who."

"The geezer has been up in his nest since dawn," Both men turned to look up at a shaded part of the cove, high above the water. A few ribbons of cloth hung down, all stacked high above

each other.

“Still broodin’?” The King questioned.

“Yep,” The Siren said, popping the ‘p’, “Only showed an emotion other than self loathing when we had to chase after that kid he kidnapped a couple days ago. After the deed was done, he stole the heart, and promptly flew back here. Haven’t seen him since.”

The two men only gazed at The Angel’s quarters for a few moments more before moving onto different subjects, both unaware of the watching eyes from above from the eldest of all three. His golden hair looked chicken yellow in the lighting, eyes moving away from them to the shadows.

He was angry at himself still, but he also itched to visit his boy.

The Angel shook his head and turned back to his wonderful collection, claws tapping the dulling and bright flesh.

No matter how many hearts The Angel would collect, none of them would give him back his humanity.

No matter how much the old him prayed the would.

## Chapter End Notes

The King has some small communication issues okay?!?

Yes, Mark’s “imaginary friends” are named Ran (the red and black) and Boo (the white and cyan-neon green)

Once again, hoped you enjoyed!!

(I kinda rushed at the end so sry :( )

# It's raining, it's pouring

## Chapter Summary

It's raining

## Chapter Notes

School and life: kills me over and over again, making me emotionally exhausted and stressed

Me rn: \*publishes chapter\* I LIVED BITCH

Lol hi buddies!!!

I'm so sry for taking so long to post this chapter. Life and school have not been kind to me, but I've finally had time today, so yeah!

Thank you for all being patient with me!

Unfortunately, this chapter is really just a filler, but the next one has a bunch of cute fluff and bonding shit so :))))

Please enjoy and feedback is majorly appreciated!

TW: Kind of neglectful themes (not too strong and not too bad, just not a smart A+ move)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Timothy "Tubbo" Schlatt was one of a kind.

It is always a pleasant surprise of how mature and practical the young boy was, especially for only being four years old. He had ideas that were actually logical if you sat down and thought about it. He was smart and innovative, a natural builder. For someone who was meant to be still playing with toys and learning, he was outrageously smart. Everyone always told Jason that he had such a smart kid, and Jason would always beam with pride at his boy.

To everyone who knew the tiny brunette, they knew that he had his head on relatively straight. Never talking about fairytales or entertaining the facts of mermaids or fairies. He was a straight-forward kind of kid.

So Ted — who was the main babysitter and the man titled the “Fun, Vodka Uncle” — really had no idea what to do when Tubbo handed him a drawing of the weirdest looking man he had ever seen. Tubbo liked to draw, and though some of his drawings were... in need of some lighthearted questioning... they were always of inventions.

( Ted can fondly remember the time Tubbo drew a bunch of nukes, and no, it wasn't as fond or funny at the time. Turns out, Tubbo had watched Jason play an apocalypse game when he was meant to be sleeping, and the game had a nuke scene in it. Jason's face of panic will forever be the funniest shit Ted's ever seen. )

The drawing in question was scribbles of metallics and bright colors, and a huge hint of one of the sparkle gel pens Ted had lying around the house. The figure towered over Tubbo's own drawn figure. Its face had a pirahana toothed smile, teeth an unnatural off white. His hair was neatly brushed to the side, the same shade of dark chocolate.

Now, Ted's no genius, but he knows no one who looked like the man in the drawing.

“Do you like it?” Tubbo asked with a hopeful tone in his voice, doe eyes eyeing Ted with a small bud of pride. Tubbo always liked showing off what he created.

“Uh.... well,” Ted screwed his face up to think of the right words, “Its something alright kiddo.”

Tubbo still smiled at the half-assed praise, jumping up and down on Ted's living room sofa, ‘Buzzfeed; Unsolved’ long forgotten on the TV. Without listening as Ted changed the subject to what he wanted for lunch, his brown eyes suddenly looked out the window, as if he had seen something... or someone. Yelling a goodbye as Tubbo ran out into Ted's yard, Ted only watched in confusion.

Jason better not be getting his kid to play a prank on him; Wouldn't be the first time the cheeky dumbass did it. It was fine though. Ted would keep an eye on his god-son, and you better believe that if he spots someone actually out in that yard talking to Tubbo, they better be ready to catch his hands.

Tubbo, however, was blissfully unaware of Ted's cautious riddled staring. He instead rushed out and giggled when he saw his friend duck behind a huge oak tree that had a tire swing hanging down from it that Uncle Josh had put up for him when he turned three. Tubbo giggled and stalked slowly to the tree, like a predator hunting its prey. When he was within one foot of the tree, he waddled his way behind it as quickly as he could, letting out a giggly “RAWR”.

His friend laughed, sharp teeth glinting in the sunlight like freshly fallen snow. Tubbo didn't flinch or even look scared when his silvery hand came to ruffle his hair. Tubbo (also) didn't really know when his friend had come into his life; he just did. But Tubbo was easily swayed when his companion gave him an actual blueprint canvas so he could sketch his inventions



out. When Tubbo asked in awe where in heavens name he had gotten it, the man simply shrugged.

“Augh! You got me bumblebee!” Tubbo’s friend smiled down at him, “Good job! Now what do you want to play today? Pirates or Space Adventure? We got all day... well... until it storms, but then we can play inside! How about that?”

“Yay!” Tubbo cheered. Yeah, it really was a “yay” moment.

---

What. The. Fuck.

Karl was never one to judge, but holy shit. This fucking cult thing was freaky as all hell.

He knew he shouldn’t be here, in this reality, this universe, but he needed to talk to his other self here. Karl could hear the music of the masquerade above him, dozens of muffled feet moving along to the beat. He held his breathe as that freaky ass butler looked in his direction again. That Sir Billiam guy was talking to his other self, who was dawned in a purple and gold mask, dressed to the nines.

He just had to wait.

‘Wait, wait, wait. Be quiet. Quiet as a mouse.’

Karl had always remebered that advice that one of the other hims had given to him, which was to play dead as to not be slaughtered by the war driven maniacs of L’Manburg. Something about government, betrayal, tyranny.

All bullshit to him.

Karl let out a baited breathe as the butler finally followed his pink haired master out of the secluded room, his thoughts cussing him out, that he should’ve paid attention to their conversation. Ah, what does it matter? Its not his world anyways. Karl stood from his hiding place, making eye contact with his mask wearing counterpart. Hazel eyes met with a look of understanding.

“Well,” The older, taller, suit wearing him started, “If this isn’t a surprise? Hello me!”

“Hi me,” Karl greeted right back, eying the door with great nervousness. The other him must have picked up on it, grabbing one of the chairs nearest to him and with great effort, dragged the chair in front of the door. Karl relaxed slightly.

“Now, I would ask what you’re doing here, but its obvious,” The older him turned back to face the younger one, “So... ?”

Karl sucked in a breathe before leveling with himself, “What can you tell me about the twins?”

The older him raised raised an eyebrow — or at least his face gave off that impression, “Conjoined?”

“Yeah, the conjoined ones,” Karl replied, the dark sound of the waltz coming from the ballroom above them, “... and what do you know about David Bailey?”

“Oh,” Karl replied to the other Karl with a smile, “Everything!”

---

Tommy was simply not having a very pog day.

First off, it started to rain so he couldn't play outside with Mark, let alone play with the other boy at all.

Second of all, Tubbo was away again (AGAIN).

Third of all, because the storm was so bad, Clara and the twins were stuck in a huge traffick jam, as they had gone to the city for Clementine's and Henry's soccer games. Edward was taking a nap on the couch, lanky body filling up the space with ease. Now, Tommy knew that he could just wake his dad up easily if he was looking for comfort or wanted to play, but he refrained. Instead, he stumbled all around the house, looking at things he swore he had seen before, but everything looked new. Maybe it was because he was bored and actually looking at it.

Tommy walked to the hall, observing the bottom of each picture frame. There was one at his adoption day, and one at his mommy's and daddy's wedding, and... Oh! There was Tommy's favorite picture, the one where Clementine was dressed all pretty and Henry was wearing a button up and Tommy got to wear a little suit. They had to dress that way becuae it was his Uncle Milo's wedding, where the man got married to his fiancé, Sarah, or “Swimmy” as all the kids called her. Tommy thinks they called her that becuae she had bright yellow hair that resembled a fish's.

Tommy then traversed further down that hall where he looked at another of his favorites, a picture with his cousins, Jack and Eryn. The three kids all had messy faces from ice cream and wide smiles. Tommy wish he could see it better; Wished his side represented his big man-ness.

Tommy's eyes looked at the end of the hallway. Ah, of course, here's that angel-freaky-looking thing sneaking through the hallway window-

Wait... WAIT! Tommy gasped and stumbled back, gaining the attention of the man (?) who's eyes widened, dilating even more.

The monster's long, blonde hair wasn't soaked at all by the rain, so it still curled at the end slightly. His long claws let go of the window frame as he dropped down, wings ruffling behind him before tucking themselves in, almost merging with the shadows that seemed to grow around him. His lips were red in hue, his cheeks also a pretty pink that didn't seem natural but did at the same time. His feet landed with a thud, boots making it seem to echo.

His atlantic blue eyes were crazy dilated, almost red rimmed as if he had been crying, or sick. The window clicked behind him as he crouched on the wooden floor, staring at Tommy as if he was a tasty looking pastry that Ms. Niki had baked.

Tommy watched, startled, not even finding the way to cry yet. A slow panic was building up in his mind, urging him to run, to get out of THERE-

The only sound in the house was his daddy's fading snoring as if he was moving away and the tick - tocks of the clock on the wall. Tommy was by no means religious, hell, he didn't even know what the word meant. However, he knew that Nick's mom was religious, and whenever he was in her custody he prayed to someone named God. Apparently, God was meant to protect you, keep you safe, keep the evil away. At least, that's what Nick said. Tommy clumsily prayed in his mind, doing it wrong no doubt. He was just scared.

The angel-monster's wings puffed up a bit, which caused Tommy's body to flinch.

Tommy should not have flinched, because, the angel-monster-thingy was apparently triggered by movement. Almost like a bird.

The thing moved towards Tommy, claws extended slowly, as if getting ready to strike. Tommy did what his body said without even thinking.

Tommy ran as fast as he could (which was surprisingly speedy for someone his age).

And the monster lunged, following after him with practiced pace.

Yeah, not poggers wasn't even the word to describe today anymore.

---

Clay has never been one to believe in the supernatural, but he may have to change his mind.

His little brother had been acting extra strange; talking to himself, staring into nothingness, staying inside the house at all times unless it was Tommy wanting to play or their parents dragging them out. When Clay asked his mom about it, she just said that, "it's just a phase, honey."

Clay had accepted that answer and had tried to treat Mark normally, but now, that'd be extra hard.

Clay didn't mean to snoop, but he had went to the bathroom at two in the morning a couple nights ago. When he came out, he heard Mark's soft voice talking. The blonde knew he shouldn't invade Mark's sacred privacy, but a felt his \*Older Brother Instinct\* nag at him, so he gave in. He had crept to the cracked open door, peeking in. Clay didn't really know what he expected to see, but this was not it.

There, in Mark's room, were two gangly and grostetue creatures with glowing eyes.

Clay's heart had stuttered, his brain fighting the urge to scream. A mantra of 'WHAT THE FUCK' played through his head on loop. Panic ripped at his heart and lungs, growing adrenaline making his hands shake. He had tiptoed away slowly, before stumbling to his room, struggling to breathe.

Clay never mentioned it (how could he?), but he did look at his little brother a little differently.

Today, the rain was loud and booming, wind whipping at his bedroom windows. Clay played on his phone, sending memes to Nick and pranking George with a picture of a rooster (the picture was taken a year ago when Clay went to visit his grandparents at their farm). He tried to ignore the exhaustion settling in his bones, the small piece of his mind stuck on the past late night events that occurred only five days ago. He considered suggesting to his friends to hop on discord to hang out and play Overwatch or Watchdogs. However, a tentative knock interrupted his thoughts.

Clay eyed his door for a second, "Come in."

The door opened slowly, and behind it was a nervous looking Mark.

(There were no monsters behind him.... yet)

"Mark," Clay started trying to make himself not sound scared, "You okay, buddy?"

With those words, Mark shut the door quickly before launching himself into Clay. The blonde oofed and fell back onto his striped bedsheets, armful of Mark. An extra loud thunder banged outside, lightning flashing, and Mark whimpered. The tiny brunette tried to bury like a mole with dirt into his older brother's shirt, and Clay could feel it beginning to dampen.

Of course. Mark was always deathly scared of thunderstorms. Clay felt his fear melt away, heart melting just a bit as he hugged his little brother.

(Why weren't the monsters comforting him? Why him?)

Clay may have been frightened of the supernatural, but his little brother needed him, and a small swirl of guilt burrowed its way into his heart. Mark may have been talking to monsters, but this was HIS Mark.

For now, monsters left his mind, and Clay cuddled his little brother.

He could think about it later.

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BONUS 1

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What the Cryptids do in their spare time:

Phil - Make herbal tea, birdwatch, preen his feathers, clean his area/room/nest, fly, read old newspapers/magazines, star gazing, cloud gazing (when you watch the clouds and try to find shapes within them), exploring different parts of the woods.

Techno - Make jewelry (mostly rings), read books, sharpen swords, clean weapons, style his hair, go hiking, sewing, do wood carving

Wilbur - Mess with sea life, randomly sing/hum, sleep, read books, collect sea glass, sun bath (when no ones around of course), create stories about abandoned beach toys/items

Ran - Keep Boo in line... that's it

Boo - Avoid Ran... that's it

Tubbo's "Imaginary friend" - Build things, create blueprints, observe insects and/or animals, watch stolen movies, collect action figures/toys

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## BONUS 2

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Heights of any Cryptid ever mentioned in this damn fic (so far)  
[these are not meant to be accurate to actual cc's heights]:

Phil - 5' 11"

Techno - 7' 3"

Wilbur - 6' 5"

Ran - 8' 1"

Boo - 8' 1"

Tubbo's "Imaginary friend" - 10' 2"/p>

Sam - 6' 7"

Ponk - 5' 6"

Time Deo - 5' 9"

Fungi - Bro is a fox, so 17 in.

Henry - Cow, so 4' 10" (Cows actually have recorded height lmao idk why its so funny to me)

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## EXTRA INFO SO I DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN IT IN THE STORY TOO MUCH

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- Tubbo was an accidental pregnancy as he wasn't planned. His mom abandoned Tubbo with

Schlatt and has moved far, far away and has no contact with her son, let alone Schlatt. There was a rumor Schlatt overheard that she had left for Europe, but this is neither here nor there. Schlatt wanted to give Tubbo up at first, but then realized that he could do this and raise his son. He quit drinking as he was quite the alcoholic and went back to college to get a masters. We love an unstable man becoming a stable loving father figure to a innocent baby in this household <3

And yes, Schlatt got his masters and has a very, very good job as a representative in a banking company.

- Yes, I know “Timothy” isn’t actually Tubbo’s name but he is uncomfortable with it being used in fanfics such as these so I refused to disrespect his wishes and made up a name

(CONSENT FOR ANYTHING IS KEY)

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much again and see you next time!

# Hurt a child? No. Become friends with a child? Yes.

## Chapter Summary

Tommy officially meets his freaky friends, and a competition is arising

Oh, yeah, and the police are getting a bit suspicious

## Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! As promised, here is some fluff and humor that I wrote while kinda sleepy, so sorry if its more wonky than normal.

Also, I would like to emphasize that Tommy is 3 YEARS OLD. He is going to be easy to influence and convince. Don't get mad at me, that's just how it is.

Please enjoy!

TW: Mentions of p3dophiles, cults, non-consensual drug use, kidnapping, murder, and but it is confirmed of the use of super fluffy nicknames!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Hypixel Police Department File Report

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Date of Report: 30 July 2021

Name of authority who is filling report out: Officer Mariza P. Ziegler

Authorization: Senior Officer Jordon S. Maron

Case type: Missing minor, homicide

Date case was initiated/reported: 5 February 2012

Identity of victim/suspect/witness: Victim; Grayson Lilac, age 2, blonde hair and brown eyes, purple sweater and black shorts.

Information:

At around 10 p.m. at night, the call was placed in about the missing toddler Grayson Lilac who was reported to be by the Rainhill "Epic" Lake with his father [Damien Lilac, age 25] and mother [Mary Lilac, age 26] at around 6:30 p.m.

The parents mentioned above were found by the lake with puncture wounds to their chest cavities, lungs missing.

[Grayson] Lilac's body was searched for for 90 days, but nothing came of it.

While his extended family wanted to close the missing case, Mary Lilac's mother [[Sandra Hill] Emergency contact, 50% of insurance and bank involvement, most immediate family] refused, and the case has remained open to this day.

No new clues or information have been handed in since 12 May 2015.

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Tommy was a big man, THE big man. He was brave for someone his age — that's what his old babysitter, Joseph (or "Stampy" as Tommy liked to call him) used to say — and he was an angry ball of energy that was stubborn as all hell. However, when faced with a blonde haired monstrosity, he wasn't a big man. No, he was just a baby who wanted his mommy and daddy. His mommy was out of the house though, but his daddy was on the couch taking a nap.

Maybe that's why his panicked brain decided to run to the living room, to get away from this angel of death. His daddy would surely save him!

So Tommy forced his chubby limbs to move and he forced himself to run (It was more of a waddle, but no one was around to tell him that, other than the very thing he was running from). His heart was beating funny, and he felt the need to scream, but he just couldn't. His voice was stuck in his throat. His throat felt like it was coated with honey, thick and sticky. His head began to be pound, jittery and shocked. All he knew was that he needed to leave, he needed to get away.

Tommy let out a gurgled yelp that was ripped from his voice box's honey coated barrier when a clawed hand wrapped around his tiny tummy, pulling him back to a semi-warm chest. Blonde locks brushed against his flushed face, like a curled curtain, and it almost reminded him of the Potato Guy's own pink hair. The thought of a monotone voice and warm hands forced a small feeling of security into his system. Due to this, his body relaxed slightly, and it allowed the angel to trap him in their arms.

His body was turned and held like one of a infant's, and Tommy was a bit irritated through the fog of fear, because he wasn't a baby! He was a big man!

Tommy wriggled and hit his captor a bit, but he found it hard to fight when the chest was so comfy and the angel's voice was shushing him gently. Tears welled up in his blue eyes, and spilled over his cheeks, but he still squiggled and let out squeaky yells demanding to be let down.



“No, no! Lemme go!” Tommy sobbed out, heart going a thousand miles a minute. Why wasn’t his daddy coming to save him? Didn’t he hear his cries?

“Oh dearest, I’m sorry I scared you.... you’re okay,” The angel’s voice had a similar accent to Dirty Crime Boy’s, but it was rougher and wilder in a sense, “You’re okay.”

No, he was not okay! Tommy’s words became unintelligible whimpers and howls, and he didn’t like how the angel’s claws were rubbing his back so comfortingly when they were meant to be so dangerous, so hurtful. He hid his face in the green robes of the taller creature, feeling the vibrations of the angel’s voice, the fuzziness of his words. Tommy found strange comfort when he felt like the angel’s arm’s reminded him of his mommy’s, or just like a mother’s.

Instantly, Tommy thought of the mommy chickens he used to see at all the farms his family would pass in their car. How they watched over their babies and loved them so, so much. Imagining the angel as a chicken made him giggle through the tears, a slow 360 of his sadness and hysteria.

“What’s so funny, hmm?” The angel inquired with a teasing tinge in his soft, comforting voice, claws drawing random shapes into Tommy’s back.

“Chicken,” was all Tommy muttered, before giggling more at the angel’s “offended” face. Tommy was scared of the creature, sure, but he wasn’t doing anything to harm him. Tommy had tried to get away for years, too (Tommy actually cried for six minutes, fifty one seconds, and seventeen milliseconds; The angel counted)! It was kind of useless to fight now, even if Tommy wasn’t one to admit defeat, and Tommy was a bit scared that if he started crying again that the Atlantic eyed man (Tommy was pretty sure the guy was a guy) would snap and shut him up with force.

“Are...” Tommy avoided eye contact, “... are you gonna ‘urt me?”

“No, I would never,” The older man looked extremely honest as he looked down with sorrow at the young boy, “What would make you think that?”

“Under the bed,” Tommy replied, even though he didn’t really have to.

A look of realization flashed across the bird man’s face, a grey flush coming to his face like it was meant to be a blush, “Oh.... yeah, sorry mate. Forgot about that one.... my memory’s not what it used to be...”

The angel cleared his throat, before a genuine shine of an apologetic glint in his eyes.

“... Listen to me carefully, darling. I had no intention of scaring you that day, and I’ve felt bad about it ever since. You don’t have to accept my apology right now, but just know that I am truly, truly sorry for my actions and how they affected you. I simply wished to visit you, but I got too excited that I skipped actual introductions. I hope you know that you were incredibly brave with how you handled it, dear,” The angel rocked Tommy in his arms as he apologized. God, the pretty crow man even complimented him. He was making it hard for Tommy to be

mad at him. The toddler went silent and chewed on his fingers a bit before reaching his verdict.

“It’s okay,” Tommy decided. The blonde did apologize, and he was so good at hugging. The angel smiled after a few seconds, mumbling what sounded like a ‘thank you’ into Tommy’s hair as he curled into himself with the three year old in his arms. Tommy’s face squished into his chest, but his eyes were wide in awe at the sight of the stark black wings that were streaked with silver and grey; Similar to a night sky and its stars.

“Phil,” The angel said into the quiet house, the only other sounds being the rain from the outside. Tommy made a questioning noise, half listening and half staring at the pretty feathers shielding him.

“Phil. My name is Phil,” The angel — or Phil — said as he pulled back, offering a pearly-white smile with slightly crooked teeth. Tommy liked the imperfection in his smile, though, and couldn’t help but offer his own small one, holding back on his joy. He was still a bit cautious around the man, after all.

“ ‘m Tommy,” The tiny blonde said and Phil chuckled.

“I know that, silly!”

“Oh,” Tommy said dumbly, letting Phil rub more of those circles into his back. It was making him a little sleepy, and Tommy was tempted to fall asleep in the handsome man’s arms for forever. However more pressing things were in order, especially when the toddler’s stomach grumbled quietly and he asked, “Eat lunch?”

Phil nodded, and stood up with the toddler in his arms. His wings folded neatly behind his back, clashing with his long, golden locks. Now that Tommy wasn’t completely drowned in him, he could differentiate Phil’s smell with the house’s. It was very specific; Morning dew, peppermint, and something alike to cough syrup but smelling more nature like. The bird man carried Tommy into the kitchen, avoiding the living room. Tommy swore he could hear heavy footsteps coming from the area, and something like a heavy pillow being moved, but he couldn’t tell for certain. He was drawn back to reality when Phil set him down on the counter, moving him more to the center so that it would take effort for Tommy to actually move to escape.

Phil, instead of going to the fridge, approached the sink and promptly plugged the sink and turned the water on. He walked away as it began to fill up, grasping and opening the fridge. He bent over, before grabbing a container that Tommy vaguely recognized. He was pretty sure that it was left overs that a new neighbor by the name of Sharon Shubble, or something, gave his family as a greeting gift. It was really good chicken dish (Tommy only got a few pieces of chicken, and who was going to tell the toddler that he wasn’t getting the full experience?). Tommy couldn’t help but ask if Phil was offended that Tommy and his family had eaten a bird, but was confused when Phil burst out into a squeaky yet infectious cackle.

Tommy let his eyes drift as Phil approached the microwave with his head tilted, almost like a pigeon when you’re holding bread. Tommy couldn’t help but stare at the kitchen sink, the

water filling up dangerously fast. He opened his mouth to ask Phil about it, but before he could, a familiar hand reached out from the water and fumbled for the handle of the sink.

It was the Dirty Crime Boy! He returned... from the sink.... in his kitchen.... but he had returned none the less! Tommy let out a large laughing fit when Crime Boy's hand accidentally turned on the hot water, his hand flailing as soon as the boiling liquid came in contact with his skin and a underwater scream echoed in the kitchen, his hand reverently searching for the knobs to turn the water off. Tommy did feel a bit bad, but in his defense, the scream sounded like something out of Looney Tunes.

Phil stepped away from the appliance he was working with, calmly walking over and shutting the water off. Tommy only laughed harder when the hand pulled a rather rude hand gesture to the crow man. He had seen George do that to Clay and Nick after the too had pranked him with water balloons a week ago.

Two webbed hands gripped the sink as familiar, dreary chocolate curls rose from the sink, a wet face following after. Crime boy raised his leg high to get it over the counter before stepping down onto the floor, and adjusting his jacket.

Tommy was about to call out to his tall friend, before he spotted familiar pink locks from the doorway. He almost fell over turning so fast, just so his eyes could meet bloody red ones. Potato Guy was here, too! Holy crap, Tommy was about to combust with happiness. Before the toddler could get a word in, he watched with shock at how far down the regal man had to stoop to get through the door, and Dirty Crime Boy drew his attention as well. The wet man looked intently at the microwave, then Phil, before smirking.

“Chicken? Isn’t that cannibalism?”

Phil glared with a snort, Crime Boy smiled innocently, Potato Guy watched blankly, and Tommy was just trying not to scream with all the dopamine in his system.

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## Hypixel Police Department File Report

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Date of Report: 30 July 2021

Name of authority who is filling report out: Officer Mariza P. Ziegler

Authorization: Senior Officer Jordon S. Maron

Case type: Missing minor

Date case was initiated/reported: 23 December 2017

Identity of victim/suspect/witness: Victim; Lucas Punz, age 13, blonde hair and blue eyes, white t-shirt and striped pajama pants made of cotton.

Information:

At 9:14 a.m. Punz's godmother/guardian [Valery Jameson, age 37] reported Punz to be missing from his bed and the house in its entirety. There was no note, message, or notice of his disappearance. Jameson called neighbors and Punz's relatives about his whereabouts but to no avail.

Punz was searched for for 90 days, but nothing was found.

On 3 September 2018, Jameson moved out of state, and agreed to leave the case open until a body is found.

No new clues or information have been handed in since Jameson moved.

---

"Tommy, mate, please stop climbing on Techno."

"No, no! It's funny!"

It was now a good fifteen minutes after lunch, and Tommy was having the time of his life. He had officially met his two other friends, Dirty Crime Boy and Potato Guy, whose real names are apparently Wilbur and Technoblade. Pog names for even pogger men. The four of them had sat around at the kitchen table, Tommy being the only one to really eat anything, though Techno did pull out a flask that had a strong metallic smell to it and drank from it.

Right now, though, Tommy was filled with energy and found it easy to climb Techno due to his height and broad build. He had slid off his seat while Wilbur and Phil were talking to each other and approached the man, who watched him with barely hidden curiosity. Tommy had shimmied onto Techno's lap with a little help from the walking furnace (how was he so warm?), and had grapped onto his shoulders and hoisted himself upwards. That's what led to this moment.

Tommy was attempting to get himself onto Techno's shoulder, and Phil looked a bit nervous, wings puffed out like a mother hen. Jeez, this guy was really like a chicken sometimes. Maybe that's why Tommy thought he was one earlier. Technoblade was just sitting there letting it happen, and Wilbur was watching with great amusement.

"You're gonna hurt yourself, dearie," Phil said with light exasperation.

"No.... I'm.... not," Tommy grunted out as he hauled himself over Techno's shoulder, warmth pooling in his belly from where the man's shoulder connected with it. Tommy let out a squeal when two large hands came to his sides. He was picked off Techno's shoulder by the pink haired man himself, and instead was held in the air for a few seconds, before promptly

thrown over to Wilbur. The brunette caught him easily, and tickled Tommy's sides a bit to get laughter out of the boy.

Wilbur seemed perfectly happy to have Tommy thrown to him. Phil on the other hand looked like he was going to pass out for a few seconds, before rounding on Techno with a look of 'are you serious right now?'

With a devious glint in those fish eyes of his, Wilbur smiled, "Hey Techno... catch!"

With that, Tommy was thrown back over to Techno, who caught him with warm hands. Tommy laughed, but soon coughed a bit when he inhaled a strand of Techno's hair, who was pointedly avoiding Phil's gaze. Phil glared at Wilbur and Techno with puffed wings, "I swear to God, if either of you end up throwing and catching Tommy again it's not going to be pretty for you."

Tommy let out a huff of annoyance at the loss of the fun activity, but soon grabbed Techno's hands that were secured around his tummy, "Can we play dollies?"

Techno looked down at him with a shrug (Tommy felt it), and that sent Tommy off of his lap and onto the floor, practically shaking with excitement. Not wanting to wait, Tommy grabbed Techno's oversized hand and pulled him along, ignoring the teasing coos from Wilbur and bright smile from Phil. Tommy didn't even notice the embarrassed blush on Techno's face, the poor, awkward man in silent distress. He truly had no idea what to do with children, and when Techno threw Tommy it was out of anxious panic, not an attempt to entertain the tiny blonde.

"Um... Phil, is probably better at.... dollies....," Techno tried to escape with his words, afraid of making the child cry by removing his hand from the little one's. This was the most human touch he's had since 1900, when he had caused a huge massacre in a dingy city on the sea side.

"No!" Tommy whined, pulling with all his might to move the brute, "I wanna play with you, Techie!"

"TECHIE," Techno practically choked out, eyes looking like the could pop out of his skull.

"TECHIE," Wilbur exclaimed enraged as he stood up quickly from the table, "Oh no you don't you pig... Tommy, love? Can I play too? I'm very, very good at dollies!"

Tommy paused, seemingly unaware of the competitive tension rising in the air. His young mind mulled it over, before deciding. With an overly serious nod, "Sure, Phil can, too."

With that, Tommy pulled Techno down the tight hallway. Wilbur followed with heavy steps, his happy facade falling as he glared at Techno's dragging figure, muttering half-assed insults under his breathe. Phil rubbed his face for a second. The winged man should have known that when he agreed for the others to come with him on his journey to the Simons house that chaos would happen. Phil sighed and stood up, wings ruffling before folding behind his back as he followed the three males towards Tommy's room.

He hoped that Wilbur wouldn't blow a blood vessel somehow.

He also hoped that Techno drugged Mr. Simons hard enough with Phil's herbs to make sure the lanky man didn't wake up. It would be quite unsettling to wake up in your bedroom closet that's secured by a chair in front of the door.

However, if that happened, that was a problem for future Phil. Current Phil had to make sure Wilbur didn't kill Techno just to win Tommy's ultimate affection.

That itself was headache inducing.

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30 July 2021  
Hypixel Police Department  
1006 Bedson War Street

Chief S. Major,

As you should know, many children within the Esempii districts have been going missing. This is not a random occurrence. These disappearances have been happening since 2000, and while many of the current officers have been active in the work force since 2018, these cases have been rediscovered and with the recent happenings surrounding the city, there seems to be a common suspect.

While this has not been announced publicly, our trusted officers and detectives have reached the conclusion that a serial killer or a group of serial killers have been kidnapping and/or killing children. We currently do not know if this is related to human trafficking, a cult/religion, or pedophiles who are using them for their own pleasure, but it is too uncanny to be coincidental.

All children are either missing their hearts, lungs, or organs and some of the adults or teenagers who have also gone missing or have been killed have suffered similar injuries. We at Hypixel are requesting outside services to help us come to a conclusion of these cases and — hopefully — find the suspects. Please think this over, and get back to us when you can.

With our best regards,  
Lieutenant Berries and Sergeant Tapl

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ROLE CALL (IDENTITIES YOU MAY BE CONFUSED WITH):

Mr. Bomb, Harris Bomb = HBomb

Ms. Rose, Hannah Rose = Hannahrose

Mr. Plant, Connor Plant = Connor Eats Plants

Officer M. Ziegler = Meowriza

Officer J. Finnster = Finnster

Officer E. Kingston = TheEret

Officer N. Minx = Minx

Chief Scott Major = SMajor

(THESE ONES SHOULD BE OBVIOUS)

The Angel = Phil

The Siren = Wilbur

The King, Blood God = Technoblade

Chapter End Notes

4/4 SBI my beloved

# **Not all things are meant to be found; no matter what the very things hidden say**

## Chapter Summary

1st half: Cute

2nd half: hehehehe S U F F E R

## Chapter Notes

Hi guys/gals/non-binary pals/everyone else!

These chapter is hella filler, so just bare with it please. It's not my best but I still hope you'll like it!

TW: Cuteness and vivid descriptions of animal corpses, vomiting, and body mutations

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The smoke of the city was thick and heavy, like a table cloth covering an oak wood counter. The old fashioned cars drove by with their dreary colors, lights overly bright. Men with ladies hanging off their arms, giggling and laughing. It was a common late night in the 1930s, Karl supposes.

He's waiting behind a trash can in an ally way, picking at his nails with slight nervousness. If someone sees him, he's going to have to explain why he's dressed the way he is, and be seen as clinically insane.

A cough interrupts his brooding stops, and he looks up to see an older version of himself. Older Karl had to be around forties, fifties and was dressed in a fedora and sleek suit that smelled faintly of cigarette smoke. He smiled at Karl, before holding out a journal. It was leather bound, and was torn a bit at the edges.

When Karl opened it, there was the front page reading 'Property of William O. Gold'. The older Karl watched him carefully before speaking, "I believe you want more information?"

"Yeah," Karl closed the journal gently, "Yeah, I do."

---



“Tubbo!” Tommy shrieked as he ran to one of his best friends with arms outstretched with a big smile. Tubbo ran to him as well, arms equally outstretched and smile just as big, “Tommy!”

The two boys met in a hug of giggles, babyfat, and rosy cheeks. Mark came up next to them and attempted to hug both of them, who opened their arms for him to join their embrace. Mark let out a shy “Mark” that made the two go into laughing fits. Their parents smiled at them, happy to see their children interacting so cheerfully. The families were meeting at M.C.C. Park for a picnic and for them to all catch up. Clay dragged George over to the toddlers who eagerly greeted the two of them. Nick, however, was talking to Mr. Darryl with a look of excitement on his face as the older man showed him something on his phone. Mr. Zak looked less than pleased at whatever was on his boyfriend’s phone, but put on a smile when the two looked over at him.

Not only were the adults cooing at the toddler’s interactions as the three of them waddled over to the playground’s sandbox which was only a couple of feet away from the picnic area, but their monster friends were, too.

Ran and Boo looked like they were restraining each other from running over to Mark and showering him in affection, and Wilbur honestly felt the same way about Tommy, having to get Phil to ground him. The winged man watched with an audible ‘aww’ leaving his lips when Tommy held Tubbo’s hand. Techno was enamored with them as well, but his eyes were stuck on the burgers Ms. Cara pulled out to grill on one of the public grills. The blood that oozed out of them made his mouth water, and he had to keep pinching himself from snatching them.

A new cryptid, someone who introduced himself as Foolish, was smiling so wide it looked like it hurt. He talked to Phil about how cute their kids were (apparently, he had claimed Tubbo), and the angel indulged in their conversation, sharing stories about the toddler’s adventures that Foolish eagerly listened to.

Back to the toddlers, Tommy was loudly talking about his plan to build a city in the sand to his friends, “We’ll call it L.... L.... L’ Manberg! Yeah!”

“Why not just Manberg?” Mark asked as he watched a few ants navigate themselves in the sand.

“Because that’s not cool!” Tommy stomped his foot a bit as he defended his sand nation’s beloved name, “It doesn’t ring!”

“Ring?” Tubbo asked with a tilt of his head, brown locks hanging over his chocolate eyes a bit.

“Yeah. Like.... like... sound good! Manberg doesn’t sound good,” Tommy huffed out and Mark and Tubbo finally agreed. Today was a good day, and the three good see their beloved friends a few feet away from their families. When the toddlers waved at them, they waved back, Foolish holding up a finger to his lips as if telling them to be quiet. The boys listened.

When they were called to eat, there was a new woman conversing with their parents. She's rather short with bright red hair and tan skin, and she's laughing rather loudly at something Mr. Schlatt said. She's smiling at everyone except Mr. Zak, who she avoids looking at. It's clear that he's annoyed by this, but when the toddlers waddle over there, he smiles and jokes with them. The lady introduces herself as Blaze, Nick's mom. Tommy smiles at her, but he secretly doesn't like the cigarette smoke emitting off of her.

When everyone sits down to eat, they somehow don't notice the absence of a tall blonde with green eyes. Everyone, except Mark, who watched his older brother slip into the woods.

---

Clay would be honest and say he didn't know what he was doing.

When he had been messing around with George and listening to Nick express his excitement of his mom coming to town to visit, he had heard something. It sounded like a cry; A horrible mix of an animal in pain and a human in horror. It genuinely startled him that he had almost fallen over, but he still gripped George's hand to steady himself. When Nick had asked if he was okay, Clay asked them if they had heard it. They had laughed and told him to stop joking, but Clay wasn't joking. He wasn't hearing things. It was too real, too there if a way.

He had hesitantly laughed along with his friends, but didn't let go of George's hand, especially when the cries multiplied and became louder. He could ignore it. He didn't want to be seen as crazy, because no, he wasn't crazy. He wasn't crazy when he seen the monsters standing at the foot of his little brother's bed. He wasn't crazy when he heard that scream. He wasn't.

He could ignore it, he was ignoring it, until he felt a gust of wind that felt like it came straight from the depths of hells. It was cold and prickly, and a whisper was carried with it, "Clay", it said. It sounded like a thousand voices and Clay had embarrassingly whimpered, but luckily, his friends weren't paying attention to it.

However, when the whispers of his name continued, ranging from horribly enraged sounding to soft and meek, Clay had enough. So he waited until everyone wasn't paying attention and ran to the woods, letting the whispers lead him guide him. He ran under branches and over stumps, around berry bushes and prickly weeds, jumping over puddles and avoiding poison ivy; the voices never left, whispering in one distinct direction.

Eventually, he entered a clearing with with a gate in the distance that Clay wanted to go see, but his attention was first attracted by the giant craters in the Earth. They looked like messy grave sites, man-made. There were dozens of them in all different sizes.

Clay was about to ignore them and approach the gate when a horrible stench caught his nose, coming from the hole closest to him. When Clay saw what was in said hole, he almost threw up and screamed at the same time. Inside was a bunny's corpse, white fur drenched in dried blood. Its chest cavity was ripped open, organs on display, and its jaw was missing as well as its top teeth. It almost looked like a smile was carved into its furry face.

Clay hurried backwards, tripping over his feet and falling into another ditch. He landed on something smelly and with horror, reeled back his face to see that he landed on the side of a

deer. A rotting deer. Its top teeth and jaw were missing as well, its legs all bent in disorder. Clay dry-heaved as he desperately crawled out of the ditch, dirt under his finger nails. Bile rose in his throat, but it only came flooding out when Clay made contact with a baby bears face in another ditch, close to the deer's.

Acidic fluids were pulled out of him like they were demons in a exorcism, his knees weak. He fell down in a heap, retching repeatedly, tears pouring down his face as scream like sobs mixed with his heaves.

Clay wanted his moms, he wanted to get out of here. He tried standing up, but found it near impossible. He didn't know why the whispers led him here, he didn't know why he even listened to them. He was stupid, he wanted out, he just wanted out.

Clay froze when something landed on his head, heavy and making him want to scream but he couldn't. He was in too much shock.

It was a hand, that much was clear, and as Clay let his watery eyes follow the covered forearm to the chest to the face he wanted to throw up and pass out at the same time. There was no face to look at, none that didn't make him dizzy or make him want to shriek. It was a endless void of eyes, mouths, and bent noses, everything looking at him in glee.

Clay couldn't take it when the mouths opened, a horrible scratch emitting from the thing in front of him. He passed out with a roll of his eyes, leaving himself accidentally vulnerable to the monster in front of him. He would find, however, that the monster didn't want to hurt him; Quite the opposite really.

---

#### AGE CHART (YEA):

Tommy - 3

Phil - ?

Techno - ?

Wilbur - ?

Mark - 4

Ran & Boo - ?

Tubbo - 4  $\frac{3}{4}$

Foolish - ?

Clay - 12

George - 14

Nick - 11

Karl - 12

Quackity (mentioned so far, will appear in later chapters) - 11

Clara - 34

Edward - 33

Clementine & Henry - 8

Cara - 40

Niki - 35

Darryl - 30

Zak - 27

Blaze - 29

Schlatt - 24

Ted - 25

All officer age ranges - 26 to 43

## Chapter End Notes

Clay: \*having a major panic attack/nervous breakdown\*

Monster: Hoppity hoppity this one is now my property

# Waking up in a forest? Oh hell no

## Chapter Summary

Clay wakes up, Phil senses an intrusion (disturbance in the force), and a kinda poll!!!

## Chapter Notes

Hello everyone!

I totally thought I posted this yesterday and was really confused when there were no comments lol so sry

I don't really like this chapter, but it's MEANT to be strange and not flowing  
Don't worry

Also, chapters are gonna be shorter so :/

TW: Dissociation (kind of, only for two parts), mentions of vomiting

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Waking up was a painful experience, to say the least. Clay's head felt like it was splitting in half. His eyes behind their lids felt like they were shaking uncontrollably, sore, and his mouth felt clammy. It hurt to shift in his bed for some reason. Not that it was uncomfortable, but because his body felt too heavy for him to move.

"Ma..." Clay tried to call for his mama, but it felt difficult. He thinks it came out more like a strange murmur than anything, but he still tried, "Ma...."

A shifting sound vaguely caught his attention, and he lazily reached for it, but gave up and let his arm fall back onto his mattress. A strange creaking came from the same direction and a small uncomfortable scratchy noise like nails on a chalkboard. He whined at it, curling in on himself. A hand (It was really cold) nudged his cheek and when he grumbled, rubbed his side up and down. It made his skin tingly but in a good way. Like putting on peppermint lotion after a shower, or getting into a hot bath after going outside in cold weather.

Clay quite liked it. He drifted off to sleep once more.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

He felt something slimy drag across his face. He whimpered at it, but his mind supplied 'Towel' or maybe 'Rag' or 'Washcloth'. He scrunched his nose, "No.... no... lemme sleep."

It sounded like a thousand voices gently shushed him, the towel brushing over his sticky eyelids. The cold liquid dripped down his face, feeling nice against his feverish skin. He couldn't help but drift off in sweet slumber once more.

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The forest ground was hard and made Clay's back cramp up as he shakily sat up, back aching. He groaned as he shifted. His fingers twisted in the grass as if they were a sacred lifeline and maybe they were with the pounding in his head. It made him want to throw up. The taste of bile remained in his mouth from before, though... wait...

Clay sprung up while almost falling over again, finding himself lying down in a new clearing. It was under a green apple tree, leaves perfectly still as if stuck in time. Actually, why was there no wind or animal noises? Who cares, Clay just needed to get out of here before that... that nightmarish thing comes back. On unsteady legs he pushed himself to stumble, only to fall numbly. Everything hurt.

Clay blinked harshly, trying to keep himself from not passing out again right there, letting out pitiful whimpers and puffs of air. His eyes caught sight of boots when his vision wasn't as shaky. They were pitch black, not like a night sky but like sticky tar. It seemed to be smoking softly, though there was no smoky smell. Clay whimpered with panicked thoughts -- 'No, no, they're back, they're going to kill me, I don't wanna see it again' -- as the boots stepped closer to him, noticing how the greenery turned an ugly brown after the feet landed on them. Cold hands grasped his tiny (not really tiny, but in this thing's hands, he really was) torso and lifted him up. Manhandling his body was scarily easy, and Clay was scrunched up and held like a baby. It was so embarrassing that even though the sickness and fear, Clay still let out a grumble of disapproval. Clay adamantly refused to look at the things face, eyes shut tight.

Nothing happened. Nothing happened for at least three minutes. Clay couldn't help but open his eyes this time and noticed that the thing was completely still like a statue. Clay gulped trying to swallow down his nerves and the threatening bile bubbling in his stomach, testing the waters, "H... hello?" Nothing.

"Um... can... can I go? Please?" Clay knew it was stupid to ask the very thing that had captured him and made him sick to let him go, along with a 'please' but the thing was just staring at the top of Clay's wavy hair. So, in his feverish state, Clay shimmied his way out of the things grasp and shakily landed on the ground. Without much other thought, Clay began to run (But, like Tommy, it was more of a jog than a run). He had gotten away! So easily!

Clay ran into the treeline shakily weaving around trees and unfamiliar bushes and shrubs. His victory pleased his sickly mind, and in a moment of hopefulness, Clay turned around just to feel his heart drop. The thing was following him, rather easily too. It wasn't chasing but just observing really. Fucking weirdo, but hey! Clay didn't care and all he had to focus on was getting out of these damn woods.  
He was too sick for this shit.

\*\*\*\*\*  
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When Clay broke the tree line, he was greeted with a familiar scene. The sun was still high in the sky and everyone from the picnic was still only beginning to eat, all smiles and happy. He stumbled, tears of relief in his eyes when George's caught sight him, and looked startled by his sickly appearance.

"Clay? What the hell? What happened?" George walked over to his taller friend, laying a grounding hand on his shoulder. Clay choked out, "I... I... oh fuck, it was so scary George."

"What? Clay, you only went to the bathroom. Were there critters or something?" George asked confused.

"No, no, I went into the woods-"

"Clay! I made you a plate," Mama called out to Clay, holding up a hotdog and chips, "You were gone for so long that I just did it for you... everything okay?"

Clay swallowed, turning to glance at the treeline where no figure was in sight, "Um... yeah, just some raccoon that scared me in the stalls. Nothing to worry about."

---

Phil added Tommy's drawings and one of his favorite toys into his nest, gently handling them. Techno was off hunting and Wilbur was swimming around, looking for some more fish to harass. It had been a good day, yet Phil felt... off. He felt like someone was shoving him, invading his privacy, taking over his territory. It had been a fleeting feeling for the past few days, but now it felt like millions of needles being slowly pressed into his insides.

Phil froze when he heard it. After countless days and hours of brushing the feeling off, he had finally heard what he needed to. What Phil needed to hear to let him know that he was being invaded, that his territory was being taken over.

Laughter. Hundreds and thousands of voices laughing, laughing at him. Teasing him, chastising him.

Phil, Angel of Death, was being mocked by an outside source.

Therefore, someone would pay.

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BONUS/IMPORTANT

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I love Dark SBI and young Tommy, so I have chosen two ideas I would like to write about in the future.

Option 1 is a story where four-month-old Tommy's dad works for an SCP site that has recently obtained three strange specimens that they have filed under the names SCP-1242, SCP-1578, SCP-2139. An experiment on how far these SCPs understand human connection

and empathy commences, and Tommy's father volunteers his son as part of the project. Tommy will be put in a side containment room and left to the mercy of the SCPs to see how far they understand humans. However, the doctors didn't expect the SCPs to become attached to little Tommy. Let alone becoming aggressive when any doctors try to take the infant away from them, even killing a few guards. Now, it seems the site got more than they could have asked for.

(SCP ¾ SBI and Baby Tommyinnit; Overprotective goes brrrrrr)

OR

Option 2 follows five-year-old Tommy and his single mom, Faye, who live paycheck to paycheck. Tommy has always wondered why he didn't have a daddy or any other relatives, but Faye always told him, "Daddy is away right now with all his family for a vacation. They'll be back one day, bud". One day, a knock sounds on their door, and when Tommy opens it with his mother's permission he comes face to face with a tall stranger he's never seen before. Faye freaks out when she sees who it is, and slams the door shut, before taking Tommy and running after escaping out the window. Now, they live on the run, and apparently, the news is looking for.... Cereal.... No, they spelled it weird. The police are looking for three serial killers and Tommy recognizes one of the faces as the man, but he seemed so nice? Oh, and didn't the man tell Tommy that he was his dad?

(Serial Killer AU where Tommy is cute and oblivious, Faye = Friend the Sheep and Tommy's mom, Wilbur is Tommy's dad and is an insane serial killer along with Phil and Techno; Possessive and insane yet gooey fluff)

CHOOSE WHICH OPTION YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOON AND WRITE THE NUMBER DOWN IN THE COMMENTS (1 or 2)  
BOTH WILL BE WRITTEN EVENTUALLY BUT YOU GET TO DECIDE WHICH ONE COMES FIRST!

## Chapter End Notes

I was at the gym thing and me and my friend were like, "what's the worst fandom can we find a fanfic for".

The conversation went like this:

Me: ... um... \*remembers that one TikTok about Paw Patrol being on wattpad\* how about Paw Patrol?

Them: Lmao okay \*looks up paw patrol on both ao3 and wattpad\*

\*Two minutes or smth\*



Them: oh OH myBdfikdmdm

Me: what? WHAT?!

Them: \*shows me two fanfics\*

Me: \*Sees in the title/story the words: “tight entrance”, “s3x t@pe”, and that one fucking I can’t describe yet constantly are haunted by\*

Also me: \*holding in my screams of horror as we are in swim and are waiting to get in the pool\*

Now... remember this was Paw Patrol  
Stay safe everyone

ANYWAYS, I hope you enjoyed and make sure to leave a number for which fic you want!!!!

# Surprises — Good and Bad

## Chapter Summary

Wilbur basically infiltrates the Simons lives and only Tommy knows.

Clay just suffers.

## Chapter Notes

Me: \*crawls out of the battle zone known as life, bloody and bruised, but still going\*

Hello everyone!

Thank you for all your lovely comments! I read them all!

Hope you enjoy a chapter with ACTUAL plot! Wowza!

Also, if you have any fanart, give mE LINKS! PLEASE! I love all the fanart I have received!

If you see this: \_\_\_\_\_

It is a separation line, but still with the characters. Basically a time skip.

IMPORTANT:

Tommy, Tubbo, and Mark (Ranboo) do not actually speak how I write them in this fic. They slur their words, mispronounce stuff, and have an extreme childish lilt to their sentences too. I just can't write fluently like that, but just know that little toddler benchtrio don't actually speak like Shakespeare lol.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The summer heat of July began to dim for the beginning days of August, the month of new beginnings -- or, as most minors may call it, the last days of summer before school starts back up again. Clara had been more stressed recently, for her new job and Tommy. Since Edward was going to be at the office, he couldn't bring Tommy with him. Clara and the twins were going to be at their respective schools so they couldn't be there for their beloved blonde either.

Thus, Clara came up with the idea of a nanny who would come during the day Clara got home at 4 p.m. and that they would be tasked with caring for Tommy. After many late-night talks with Edward (though Clara did have a nagging feeling that something was listening),

they both agreed and asked around. They had met a few nice people who wanted to babysit but their schedules clashed with the Simons', a few not-so-nice people, and just some who Tommy himself didn't like.

It was early morning on August 7th, Clara listing out things she wanted to get for her classroom when the house phone rang, and she answered it, the device luckily being on the table next to her papers. "Hello?" Clara asked, looking back over to a sleepy Clementine and energetic Tommy who were conversing by the stairs.

"Uh, yes, hello? Is this Mrs. Simons?" A male's voice, not boyish but not deep either crackled through the phone line, an enamoring British accent mixing with his tone. Clara responded with a wary, "Yes... I'm sorry, who is this?"

"Oh, forgive me, my name is Will Watson. Ms. Robinson from the diner -- 'Sunrise' was it? - told me about your predicament with babysitting, and since I have time on my hands, I thought I could help out," Clara's eyebrows rose up with a curious shine in her eyes. A young man was asking to help out, and not only did he sound lively (Tommy always liked lively people), he had manners! Though Clara thought she had met almost everyone in this little town, and she couldn't recall a 'Will Watson', something about his voice just was comforting and persuasive. It was almost unnatural as if he were... manipulating her with... his words... How silly!

"Of course," Clara decided, "When can you come over to talk?"

"I've got time around... 2:30... does that work?" Clara nodded but realized he couldn't see her and added in a 'yes', before hanging up with a goodbye to the mysterious Will. She stood there for a moment more, feeling as if she needed to ground herself. Strange. Clara was going to ponder for a few moments more but turned around quickly when Henry and Clementine began to fight, both glaring at each other for the same kitchen seat.

Oh well, it was probably nothing.

---

Will Watson was nothing and everything the parental unit of the Simons expected him to be.

Opening the door, Will had to duck a little bit to get through. His hair was loose and curly, a chocolate color, and his eyes were a sweetly honeyed pecan, though covered by golden rimmed glasses. His blue sweater shifted when he sat down on one of the kitchen chairs, dark jeans scrunching up awkwardly with a full-teeth smile that made his cheeks rosy, and his eyes crinkle up. The only weird thing about him that made Clara cringe a little was his smell; A horrible mix of lake water and overwhelming cologne, like he was trying to cover it up.

Will looked old and young at the same time. Somehow, through Edward's awkward questions and Clara's polite inquisitions, his energy almost reminded them of Tommy.

"Well, you seem like a nice man, Will," Clara complimented as the three of them stood up and began to head to the backyard, "and I know how I would want you to be MY babysitter if

I was Tommy's age, but... it really is up to him. He should be with the twins near the garden."

"Well... I hope he likes me," Will said with a charming smile, with a strange glint in his eyes, as if he knew something they didn't.

Going out onto the porch that had messy left-over scribbles, that Wilbur pointed out and smiled at. Giggles and laughter carried out into the slow Fall wind, and sure enough, Tommy was chasing after his (rest assured, it was good-natured) elder siblings. A few scattered leaves were stepped on, the trees adding a nice shade.

"Kids! Come meet, Will," Clara got their attention and the three of them came scrambling over, Tommy almost stumbling a bit. Clementine and Henry greeted him with shy smiles and 'hello's, but Tommy just stared at the tall brunette. Clara got a bit worried when Tommy didn't say anything, but then he ran up to Will and gave him a hug (well, he was just clutching his legs, but it was close enough) and giggled with a, "Hi, Wilby!"

Will looked immediately emotionally constipated like his heart was being squeezed strongly. Probably was, because Clara knew the effect Tommy had on her and Edward. She swore she heard the brunette hiss under his breath to himself, "take that you pig bastard", but it was probably her imagination.

Will crouched down to give a gentle hug to the boy, and this was the perfect opportunity for Tommy to ask Wilbur not 'Will' what was going on with a, "Why do you look funny? Why no wet?"

Wilbur chuckled and said into his hair quietly, "It's just a little party trick, gremlin. It's also a secret between us, so you can't tell anyone okay?"

"Mhm," Tommy agreed without hesitation. Looking up at Wilbur's face like this -- all "normal" and eyes all brown and black and not just black -- Tommy felt a bit strange, uncomfortable if you will. He liked Wilby just as he was; Dark, stringy hair and blue-grey skin with cracked, and fogged glasses. Everything and anything! But Wilby was here, so Tommy wouldn't pout or throw a tantrum to get the real Wilby back. The older man's presence was enough.

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"Thank you so much for coming over today, Mr. Watson," Clara expressed her gratitude as she showed the man the door with a smile, the kids already having said goodbye along with Edward, "I think you'll be a good match for Tommy. Maybe we can set up a practice day for you two? I can take the kids and Edward will probably have work, so you can see if you're ready for this. No pressure, of course."

"That sounds lovely, Mrs. Simons. Is tomorrow good?"

"Of course, thank you again," Clara gave a kind smile as Will nodded his goodbye, "See you tomorrow."

She watched as the tall man lumbered down the driveway and a strange sense of something crept into her torso like vines when Will turned back, looking over his shoulder at the house for a good few seconds before tilting his face just a little bit to look Clara dead in the eyes. The two stared at each other for a second before Will simply turned back around and walked down the sidewalk, away from the residence.

Clara felt her gut twist for two reasons:

1. The windows from where she was peering are stained with colored (see: stained glass), creating intricate designs. There was no way Will would have known she was there, it's impossible to see through.
2. There was no reflection of light in Will's eyes, as if they were devoid of any human emotion. Like they were one of a fish... or a dead body.

Clara wanted to brush it off, but it was difficult. It was wrong, and she could call Will and tell him with her best facade of politeness that, "No, I'm sorry I changed my mind" but she elects to decided in the morning before he gets here.

She goes to bed with troubled thoughts and worms her way into her husband's embrace.

But she also wakes up to a man who looks like he just crawled himself out of the depths of the lake (or from hell) standing over her, who grabs her jaw to prevent her from screaming, and whispers into her ear, "You're not going to change your mind. You're going to let me come babysit my boy... my Tommy... without hesitation and you will brush off whatever events that could change your mind. Now, sleep and forget this ever happened."

And against Clara's will, she slips into sleep.

Unknowingly to Clara, she listens, and she forgets the incident in her sleep and yesterday's early evenings sight through the stained glass. She gets up, gets dressed, and sends the text message to Will, "Can you come at 12?" while brewing some coffee.

Clara smiles when Will responds immediately with a, "Of course, see you soon!", and she sips her caffeinated beverage with a reassured smile.

Clara is so relieved her baby boy is in good hands.

---

Clay's phone was bright in the dark room and under the cooler sheets, curtains closed tight, the time reading 6 p.m. His eyes were sore from just watching YouTube videos all day, his bones felt heavy, and his mind was fuzzy. Despite having been resting since the picnic, Clay felt tired. Tiredness that rested deep in his bones and weighed down on his heart.

The face of that... thing... haunted him and he just was paranoid of every little thing he saw outside his house and near the woods, seeing faces in the dark of night, hearing every little noise like it was a gunshot. Mark had been trying to play with him, but Clay had just been so done. All he wanted to do was hide away from it all, from the monster outside.

Clay froze when his door opened but relaxed when he heard his mom's voice gently call out to him, her weight settling down on the bed, the soft smell of her Japanese Cherry Blossom perfume wafting into the air. A gentle hand rested on his back, and he leaned into it.

"Are you okay, Sweetheart?" His mom asked.

'No,' Clay wanted to say, but instead, he mumbled out, "Yeah, I'm okay... just tired."

"Are you sure? You've been in here all day, and you didn't come down for breakfast or lunch," Her tone is soft and Clay has to hold back the beginnings of tears because he just wants to curl into her arms and tell the truth, "Mark is worried, and I am too."

"I'm sure... I'm just not hungry," Clay turns to nudge her hip with his head under the sheets, "Sorry I made you worry."

"It's okay, I just want to make sure you're alright. If you're not, you know you can talk to me, okay? How about you go take a shower to freshen up and then come join the rest of us for a movie night," Clay shrugs but gets up nonetheless, his mom smiling before giving him a lingering glance as he grabs some clothes and heads to the bathroom while she clambers down the stairs.

He gives out a puff of air as he starts the shower, peeling his clothes off. He still has his phone with him, and he finally gets around to changing Nick's name in his phone to "Sapnap" -- the nickname Nick has requested they start calling him, and he sets the green-cased device on mute as he gets in. The shower curtains are cream colored and easy on the eyes, his eyes not as sore anymore. The hot water calms his nerves and he starts washing himself, humming a little under his breathe as he cleans himself. It's nice.

It's not nice when he's scrubbing at his shampooed hair, and he notices the water is getting hotter. The water isn't running down his body either... Well, it is, but slower. It's sludgier, too. Clay goes to wipe the hair out of his face, when he notices how bad the water smells. His eyes feel even heavier and his hair isn't loose anymore, but heavy and way too damp.

He looks down at his hands and feels his heart stop because, 'Why isn't the water clear?'

The "water" is pitch black, his hands covered in black suds, and it's slowly running down his back from his locks and Clay is suddenly aware that this disgusting liquid is everywhere on him. A horrible static noise starts to fill the air and Clay is back to reality. It's coming from his phone, a horrible noise that is beginning to grow louder.

What. The. Fuck.

Clay rips open the shower curtain to yell for his mom, but his breath gets stuck as he notices that the door is cracked open -- he closed it and locked it, didn't he? Through the darkness of

the hallway, and the dimness of the flickering light (why is it flickering?), in the small space of the cracked door Clay sees a face.

That monster's face with too many eyes, mouths, and noses and it was watching him shower and Clay can't scream-

The mouths smile.

And Clay finds his voice and shrieks at the top of his lungs, his throat feeling like it's ripping apart.

His mom busts through the door but he's still screaming, and she wraps him into a towel and then into her arms, and she asks him, "What's wrong?". Clay goes to point out his blackened hands and the static, but it's gone. It's regular water that plagues his tanned skin, and his phone chimes with the message notification.

The face is gone, too, but he swears he can still feel it watching him. Clay lets go of his preteen ego and lets himself be rocked by his mom.

For the life of him, no tears will flood from his eyes, even though they're itching to. He only dryly sobs and lets out pathetic whimpers and little screams instead. Clay knows he won't be sleeping tonight, and his exhaustion is overrun by fear, and Clay is glad no sleep will come to him.

For once, for certain, he knows he will only have nightmares.

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#### BACKGROUND CHARACTER CANON FACTS THAT I HAVE CREATED RANDOMLY:

- When Clara was a little kid, she wanted to be an astronaut. Ironically, she discovered that she was easily prone to motion sickness and felt sick in high altitudes.
- Edward has social anxiety
- Whenever Schlatt thinks about going/goes to drink some booze at social gatherings, Ted is usually there to stop him, and TO stop Schlatt, Ted will just whip out his phone and pull out a photo of Tubbo. It makes Schlatt practically run away from all alcohol. While it may seem extreme, it keeps Schlatt from potentially relapsing back into addiction (of substances).
- When Dream was younger (around five to six), he thought that almost every kid had three sets of parents: One was a mom and dad, one was two moms, and one was two dads. He had thought this because of Quackity's mom and dad, Sapnap's dads, and his moms.
- George likes long words, as they always make him smile; Examples such as 'mushroom' and 'hippopotamus'
- Sapnap gets nightmares more than he gets regular dreams, and BBH always has to cuddle with him to get him back to sleep.

- Skeppy and Blaze (Sapnap's bio mom) don't get along, and it's mainly Blaze's fault. She is jealous of the relationship Skeppy and Sapnap have and does things to piss Skeppy off, usually passive-aggressive comments.
- Sapnap once had a crush on a girl, and the two other Dream Team members tried to get him to go out with her. Alas, there was no young love.
- Karl likes to paint his nails specific colors during months (December = Shades of blue, July = Shades of red, May = Shades of green).

## SBI RANDOM CANON FACTS:

- If Phil was human and in the modern age, he would have tattoos, such as crow wings on his back. He would get each of his son's names tattooed on his right forearm with special designs that they would help him chose, and his left forearm has crows leading up to his shoulder. When the boys (Wilbur and Techo) were younger, Phil would happily let them color in his tattoos of flowers and wings. He gets a rush of nostalgia every time little Tommy approaches him with washable markers.
- The cryptids all have specific calligraphy: While Phil can make himself write neat enough for someone to read it, his usual handwriting is extremely cramped and squished together. Techno has loopy cursive, and Wilbur has a messy kind of swirling to his writing.
- Wilbur has a faint scar across his chest that is NOT related to his death, just something from his childhood that stayed with him.
- Surprisingly, Techno is a big fan of romance novels, especially if they are older (Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' is a good example)
- Tommy has sensitive skin, and similarly, Wilbur does too. They have to wear certain materials or they get breakouts and are uncomfortable.
- If Wilbur was human, Schlatt would be one of his closest friends. The two would be the ones to usually schedule playdates for Tubbo and Tommy.

BUT, if you want to read another ongoing story I'm writing/a finished story I wrote, click on my profile! Yes, I'm self-promoting, but also all you readers would get extra SBI and even Dream Team & Tommy moments. Maybe there's even a few Awsamdad moments... who knows?



I feel bad, too, when I don't update you guys for a while. If you're desperate for some more of my subpar writing, go on and check it out!

## Chapter End Notes

If you have fanart, please grace me with its presence.

Hope you all enjoyed!

Drink some water, eat something you like, and go outside (if you can/want to) <3

If you see this: \_\_\_\_\_

It is a separation line, but still with the characters. Basically a time skip.

# Of Honorary Uncles, Possessive Brothers, and Face-Hole Demons

## Chapter Summary

**\*PLEASE READ BEGINNING NOTES AND MY AUTHOR'S NOTE RIGHT ABOVE THE END NOTES\***

Ted is starting to get paranoid

Wilbur + Tommy = BIG fluff

Karl.. wait, KARL'S BACK!?

The faceless-but-not monster is ready for its close up and Dream is one step away from a heart attack

## Chapter Notes

So... the Technoblade video.

I would just like to say that:

Cancer is a horrible thing; So please be kind and supportive to Technoblade but don't pry into his business. It is up to Technoblade himself if he wants to discuss his health, not you.

Remember to be kind and considerate, but don't be disrespectful!

I believe he will be okay, and things will look brighter in the future. Just hold on.

Now, read on my friends!

TW/CW: Breaking and entering, character watching different character who is asleep for unspecified amount of time

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ted isn't normally paranoid. He's really not.

He prides himself in being laid-back, being the Fun Uncle™ during Christmas or Thanksgiving dinners where Tubbo is present. In a way, Tubbo is kind of like a son to him. Ted decided very early in life where he tried his Babysitter Arc during high school that he

was never going to have kids of his own, so having one of his best friends have a son of his own, was enough for his child-fix.

So yes, Ted can be protective (what person wouldn't be with an adorable and chaotic toddler who will probably grow up to blow up a whole part of town?), but paranoid? Never. If that was anyone, it was probably Jason himself.

It started slowly; The missing items and Tubbo's knowledge of buildings and architecture. Things you could brush off. With every item gone, it was just an item misplaced -- Print paper, markers, pens, rulers, movies like 'Back to the Future' and 'The Karate Kid', and even some garage tools Ted forgot he had. Every point of Tubbo's finger and the outlandish fact that left his mouth, it was just a cute little moment -- "U'cle Ted! That building was made in 1962!" and "U'cle Ted! That church was made in 1933 and is having some foundation issues!".

Ted had lost plenty of stuff like that before, and Tubbo liked to have Jason read about historical buildings to him while he was bored and was good with numbers.

Then Tubbo started to tell Ted where his things were. Like when Ted had mentioned to Tubbo during a movie night that he had lost 'The Princess Bride', and expecting tears (Tubbo loved the Princess Bride movies, and he probably got that from Jason; The two never got sick of the series for some reason), was surprised by Tubbo smiling before getting up and waddling his way back with the movie. When asked where he had found it, he simply giggled. But Tubbo kept knowing where the items were. Every single one, Tubbo could go and bring back if Ted asked for it. Ted lost a magazine? Tubbo would go get it. A missing hammer? Tubbo knew where it was! A fucking-mini-chainsaw lost? Tubbo would give Ted a heart attack by dragging it behind him with a bright smile.

So, naturally, Ted had asked, "Kiddo, where are you finding all my crap?"

"He's takin' them... but don't worry! He always brings them back!" said Tubbo, before shying away with wide eyes, "Oh no! It was meant to be a secret!"

Naturally, Ted almost calls the FBI right then and there and almost goes and takes Tubbo to a motel for the night. Almost.

But, Ted has no proof. Not that he doesn't register what Tubbo's telling him, but calling the police without any actual evidence will be useless. He needs... something, anything proving what Tubbo's saying is 100% true.

When he puts Tubbo to bed with a story about Uncle Charlie and Jason and an exploding science project, he doesn't go downstairs to binge 'Keeping up the Kardashians' (It's so fun to make fun of those women, Ted swears, and it is addicting) and to eat the last slice of pecan pie that Ted had hidden away from Tubbo because the kid definitely would have done the puppy-eyes to get it. Instead, he goes to his laptop and searches, "Best Security Cameras".

The time Ted does go to bed, his bank account is lower and his head throbs from all the calculations he had to do to determine if the price was worth the quality, but Ted sleeps steadily. Sure, he's going to have a chat with Jason about it, but that can wait.

Whatever son of a bitch had been stealing from his house and creeping on Tubbo was going to get their ass caught in 4k, and Ted was ready to see it.

---

Will had shown up at noon, right on the dot. Today, he wore a beige turtleneck with a striped cardigan and dark jeans with black sneakers. For some reason, Clara noted, that horrible lake smell had disappeared. She hoped he didn't notice their faces when the smell had wafted into their home, she didn't want to be rude but... he did smell quite strange. Now, it was a maple smell that drifted around him. Homey, sweet, and sugary.

"Hello, Mrs. Simons," Wilbur greets with a smile as he walks, a guitar case in his hand. His eyes crinkle up slightly, and his pecan-shaded eyes gleam with... something towards her, "Lovely afternoon, yes?"

"It is nice, isn't it? Perfect day out in the town," Clara says as she leads Wilbur towards the kitchen, where she grabs her near-empty coffee cup, "Edward left earlier for a meeting. He's got a couple meetings, so he'll be gone all day. I'm taking the twins for a movie, some school shopping, and lunch. I'll aim to be back at six to seven. The twins are getting ready upstairs and Tommy woke up at eight but fell back asleep at eleven- Oh, Will do you want any coffee?"

"No thank you," Will responds, setting his guitar down on the table.

"Alright," Clara dumps the rest of her's out, and puts it in the dishwasher, "Would you like me to wake Tommy up?"

"Yes, the greml- I mean, I think it would be better if you... a familiar face would be the first one he sees. Is he usually like this... like, will he need a nap sometime today?" Wilbur seems to strain through the "familiar face".

"Maybe, it varies day to day. If he looks beat just get him to bed. Anyways, wait one second. I'll go get him."

Clara leaves the man at the table and bounds up the stairs, peeking in on the twins to make sure they're almost ready. Clementine is hurriedly brushing her hair while Henry is lying on his bed, looking like he wants to go back to bed. She tells them to finish up and head downstairs before heading to Tommy's door. To her surprise, Tommy is up and ready to go, bouncing up and down with excitement when he spots his mommy.

"Is Wilby here!?" Tommy asks excitedly. Clara near goddamn melts.

"Yep," Clara responds, "You ready to go downstairs?"

All she gets is a squeal as Tommy practically runs past her and she lets out a startled laugh, turning and picking him up from under the armpits before he can tumble down the stairs. Tommy squirms as Clara carries him down, spotting Henry and Clementine putting their shoes on near the door, talking to each other. When she reenters the kitchen, Wilbur is

humming a tune, fingers tapping in a repeating pattern as his eyes are focused on the wooden table.

“Wilby!” Tommy yells with glee, and Wilbur turns around with a wide smile, one that makes his cheeks extra rosy and his top lip pulls up just a bit.

“Hey, Toms,” Will greets and he opens his arms as Tommy is set down by Clara and runs right to will, jumping up and down as Wilbur picks him up. Tommy wraps his little arms around Wilbur’s neck, and tucks his head into the the crook of said neck. Clara’s heart grows warm (her head is nagging, telling her, “Remember, Clara! Just remember!”) and she smiles.

“Well, I’ll leave it too you then,” Clara says as she grabs her purse and the twins peek around the corner and wave goodbye to the two (her gut is squeezing, “Clara, don’t leave! Not with that monster!”).

“Bye Mommy!” Tommy waves rapidly with his little hand, other arms still wrapped around Wilbur’s neck.

“Goodbye, Mrs. Simons. Have a nice day,” Wilbur says with a smaller (“Fake, it’s fake, Clara.”) closed-lipped smile. Clara turns around and goes out the door with the twins and locks it.

(“Clara, remember. Please... please remember what he did-”

“Shut it,” a voice growls, low and angry, “Before I make you.” )

“Hey, Toms?” Wilbur asks an hour after Clara leaves and after Tommy’s fed. The toddler is back in his arms, and the two are sitting in the living room, Wilbur having grabbed his guitar and carrying it with him. The two are in the leather recliner, leaned back comfortably.

Tommy hums in response cuddling in Wilbur’s chest.

“Want to hear a song?”

“Sure Wilby!”

And Wilbur grabs his guitar and sets Tommy onto the ground, sitting up in the recliner. He tunes it and smiles when Tommy begins to clap, thinking that was the song. He clears his throat and begins to play for his little boy.

“You know it takes a lot to move me...  
So if you figure it out, tell me...”

A great part of Wilbur has been lost for a while. Lost in the red sea of anger and hatred, one that swamped and drowned everything good and nice, letting it all die and sink. But then, he was there. His boy, looking just the same. Younger by a year or two, smaller by a few inches, yet him all the same. It was nostalgic, different to what he was used to.

But, fuck, Wilbur could recongnize that face and childish lisp anywhere. He had been there for every year, every birthday. If he was honest, his favorite age was the toddler years.

For the longest time, he was fully submerged into the red sea.  
He still is.

But as he sings, and Tommy hums off tune along, he begins to rise just a foot off the bloodied and sticky sand and for the first time he lets a small part of his heart heal.  
It's nice and warm.

And Wilbur is never letting Tommy go again.

---

The first thing Karl thinks is, 'Wow, it smells so fresh here'. And it does.

Probably has to do with the fact that there is no pollution yet, along with the fact that nothing that can cause pollution exists yet, and that everywhere are trees. Karl has never seen such an untouched and rural place in the world. He inhales deeply, and he wishes he could take this air with him back to modern times. All the wildlife smells... strangely domestic here. It's nice.

Everything's so untouched that it's nauseating.

Shame. Karl wishes he could stay longer, but he feels like if he did, he would pass out.

He walks along a creek silently, eyes tracking birds and other critters that decided to visit the water-way today. He follows the creek until a small village comes into view.

Karl throws the word "small" around loosely. Using his American History knowledge, this was probably big for a settlement. Most of the houses are in the heart of the settlement, but there are houses that are further away, almost looking ostracized from the rest. There is a church on the top of a nearby hill, opposite of the one Karl is on.

Karl stumbles down the hill towards the village, where he sees a figure a little taller than himself leaning against a fencepost near some cattle. Their hand is gently petting the heads of one of the cows, and they're talking under their breath.

Karl approaches with a semi-quiet, "Hi me."

Unlike the other Karls that are older, ages twenty to even fifty, this one has to be sixteen tops. His face is slightly sunburned, and his hair seems to be looser, but everything else is the same.

"Hello," This Karl has a little accent to his voice, old and long forgotten, "Have you come for Phillip already?"

"Uh, yes," Karl nods and the other Karl grabs his hand as he begins to lead him away from the cattle. His hand is rough and calloused from manual labor, and it's slightly sweaty. Karl's own hands are sweaty by themselves too, so he doesn't say anything. Through the wild grass and flowers, there is a cabin further away from the settlement with a well-worn dirt path leading towards the village. The house has its own crops and there is a dog lying near the

door, eyes opening when it hears the two approaches. It's an old thing, with a sweet grey face and doe eyes and dirty white fur. Its tail flops up and down as a greeting.

"That is Enemy. She is the village dog, belonging to no one in particular. She seems to choose a different house to visit every day. I like her. In the right light, her fur seems pink," Other Karl supplies without prompting.

"Enemy?" Karl asks with a raised eyebrow. This dog looks like it couldn't hurt a fly even if she wanted to.

"She was a hunting dog, but with age, she couldn't continue," Other Karl explains, "She was never given a true name, so the village children called her 'Enemy', and it just stuck."

Other Karl directs him to the crops, and Karl spots a doll on one of the fence posts, soaking wet. It is made of cloth and has no distinguishing traits.

Other Karl carefully grabs it, like it is something precious, "Phillip and Little Philip are at the Church. We have time."

" 'Little Phillip' ?"

Other Karl ignores him and continues with a solemn smile directed towards the doll, "We have time for answers."

---

Clay is tired, for real this time.

He had been hanging out with Alexis and George all day. Fucking around, doing dumb shit.

And now, it was eleven at night, and Clay could usually pull through till one in the morning. But hanging out with two people who became crackheads when together and trying to keep up with their energies is actually emotionally draining and makes you feel like you just worked out for ten hours straight and are finally starting to feel the repercussions.

After having dinner where Clay may or may not have given all his peas to Mark (the kid loved the things for some reason) and taken his brother's dinner roll, and Mama may or may not have given him extra peas and taken the stolen dinner role as a light-hearted punishment, Clay was now in his pajamas and rewatching 'The Office'.

He huffed out an amused breath when Dwight ran out onto the street to find their advertisement graffitied, lazy smile playing on his lips.

He stills and his breath stutters when a shadow moves out of the corner of his eyes, but when he looks over, there's nothing. Just to be sure, he throws a wolf stuffie in its direction. Nothing happens except the plush falling to the ground. He sighs.

After the shower incident, Clay had been having trouble sleeping. Sometimes he would run to his moms' room and sleep there, but most of the time he just stayed up and watched. What else could he do? He had been locking his windows and doors, checking his closet and under his bed and in the corners of his room before deeming it safe.

He had been trying to act normally, and distractions worked. Like friends or comedy shows. But nothing worked for long.

In a couple minutes, he was probably going to his moms' room. He was feeling scared again, and he hated it. He had checked everything, yet he still felt unsafe. Clay really thought it wasn't fair. If he ever sees that monster again, he'd probably clart them. He likes to think he would. He'd probably pass out instead.

Clay goes back to watching his show, but just in case, he grabs his parrot stuffie and holds it close. A great childish part of him hopes it will protect him.

But he knows the truth.

The ugly, horrible truth.

-----

Clay doesn't know when he falls asleep. He thinks it may be half-way through the episode where Jim is mocking Dwight (look usual) or maybe its when he closes his eyes just for a second.

Clay doesn't know, but he falls asleep, and he wakes up to static playing on his phone. The screen is black, nothing is playing, but the static is there.

He hesitates to open his eyes, because he knows what that means. He can't open his mouth, though, but he can open his eyes for some reason. Clay notices right away that his stuffie has fallen off the bed. It makes his heart tight somehow.

Green eyes meet a shadowed torso of... something. It's tall and built, and it's standing at the end of his bed. The house his quiet. There is no point in hoping his Mom or Mama will walk in to check on him.

He forces his eyes to look up... and up... and he sees it. It's face is pitch black and the moon that is shining through his window makes a glowing line around the figure. It's almost ethereal, in a sense, like a twisted biblical figure.

How ironic. A demon disguised as an angel. A wolf in sheep's clothing.

Clay takes a deep breath, and tries not to scream and cry, but he's shaking and he feels like he's going to throw up.

He exhales and closes his eyes for just a moment more, before peeling them open.

It's time to face the music, even if it is static.

---

( Author's Note: Do any of you have headcanons about any of the characters? If so, I would love to hear them!

And I honestly don't think any of you would or are doing this, but I will say that I will NOT allow any 18+/nsfw/problematic headcanons.



If I see some, I will delete them immediately and will politely ask for you to leave this story alone with your nasty thoughts — ESPECIALLY if they have to do with any of the minors in this story.

I will also ask that you don't ship characters together that aren't together in the story (Example: Schlattbur).

Anyways, with the lecture out of the way, have fun!

- NS )

## Chapter End Notes

Bonus -- Behind the scenes of Ch. 13

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Clara, in her head during the interview portion of the chapter: Why does Will smell so... bad?

...

Phil, in his nest, in the woods:... Tech?

Techno, reading a book: Yes?

Phil: Did Wilbur remember to remove his smell before putting on the human one?

Techno: ...No. No he did not.

...

Wilbur, thinking he got rid of the lake smell: The human scent must make me smell so nice

---

Hey, Karl's back!

---

As always, hope you enjoyed!

Comments, kudos, and bookmarks are appreciated!

# A Thousand Problems

## Chapter Summary

Dream vs His Demon

Karl Jacobs is attempting to catch backstories like pokemon cards

Uncle Ted and Dadschlatt content -- GONE WRONG!

The Police are calling a meeting (a whole AmongUs meme)

Wilbur's gluttonous ass and his inability to say no to free food

## Chapter Notes

\*Backs dump-truck up and slowly dumps way too much plot onto this chapter\*

Guys... as of today, October 1st, I am officially one year older. :D  
Since it's my birthday, you get a heavy lore chapter! Enjoy!

BTW this chapter is going to be a bit confusing, it's meant to make you slightly confused, don't panic!  
Also, the chapter count went down because I deleted old author's notes!

TWs/CWs: Invasion of privacy/trespassing/general stalkerish behavior, mentions of a character watching different character sleeping for an unspecified amount of time, gore, mentions/descriptions of dead bodies, really confusing shit, use of cigarettes

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Clay's hands are shaking so violently and his stomach is churning so bad that he thinks he might just vomit, that he has to grip his bedsheets like no tomorrow. Just to ground himself, but also to give him leverage in case he needs to hop out of this bed like it's on fire.

The monster at the foot of his bed has not moved an inch since Clay has woken up to it by the foot of his bed, feeling the weight of its' gaze, and it unnerves Clay knowing that the thing most likely has been there watching him for several minutes or even hours. It's acting like a statue, chest not even rising (does the monster need to breathe?), doing nothing. The only sound in Clay's room is the static playing from his phone. A horrible noise to potentially die to, really.

Die. Clay really doesn't want to die. He wants to live, and grow up, and go to college to become a math teacher. Specifically, a statistics teacher. He wants to do so much with his life, and he doesn't want to die.

'Please', Clay begs internally as he shifts in his bed and feels like water is poured over his insides when he experiences the feeling of a million eyes follow his movements, 'Please, whoever can hear me, please... please don't let me die.'

It is silent, and Clay does not want to be the one to break the quiet tension that fogs around the room. The sound of cars driving by and the soft croaks of critters outside are the only things that penetrate the atmosphere. His breathing is uneven and his vision is swimming as if he's been running for hours in the burning sun without any water. His skin feels strangely hot and cold.

This is bad, Clay is scared, he wants out, he wants his moms, he needs to get to Mark and protect him, he needs out, he's so fucking scared-

The monster makes a humming noise.

Clay stops his inner monologue that was running at the speed of sound. It was deep and low, wistful and airy sounding. The voice had a soft echo of thousands which were all unpleasant against his ears. It vibrated into his soul, like a rumble of an airplane or a car.

Clay looks up with wide eyes to look at the head that was now tilted very slightly to the side, so small that if Clay hadn't been paying so much attention out of fear, that he would have never noticed it.

The monster hummed an eerie yet familiar tune, straightening up slightly. Unfortunately for the monster, it seemed to forget it was tall in stature, and its head banged uncomfortably against the high-raised ceiling. It paused and looked up as if surprised by its height or the ceiling. If he wasn't so terrified, Clay would have laughed.

Clay couldn't stop staring at the creature in front of him. Yet the monster paid him no mind, seemingly regaining its composure as it slowly looked down away from the ceiling. Instead of looking back at the terrified boy, it started turning and surveying his room. It began to move towards the corner of his room after supposedly spotting the fallen wolf plush. It walked over and Clay had half the mind to think he looked like it was gliding. It bent down, revealing fingers like knives, strangely tinted and bone-y as it picked up the thrown wolf stuffie delicately.

Clay just watched with his heart hammering against his ribs as it turned it over in its hands, simply ignoring him. His eyes drifted nervously to the door, looking at the knob and wondering how fast he could get it unlocked. It would take a few seconds to get it unlocked, and Clay doesn't know how long it would take for the creature to notice him moving. Not long, but Clay doesn't want to risk it. He sneaks a glance back at the thing that is holding the poor plush in one hand, looking at the school supplies on Clay's desk that he had gone shopping for with his Mama. The creature is far away enough for Clay to sprint to the door and unlock it; Clay's always been fast, outrageously so. That's why he's on the track team. It will work if he's lucky.

Luck is all he needs right now, so Clay takes a deep breath to steady his nerves, takes one more glance at the figure in the corner of his room that has gifted him paranoia, and rips himself out of his bed.

He lands hard on the ground (part of him hoping that the noise will wake one of his mothers), and he lunges at his door. His trembling hands begin to fumble with the lock and Clay, just for a moment, thinks he will make it out and be safe.

Then, as he keeps turning that stupid fucking lock, again and again and again... he realizes far too late that the lock isn't budging. He stops and looks down at his hands, only to see that the knob seems dull, lost of an all-natural shine from the moonlight that should be there. He is also vaguely aware that his door is dripping with that inky substance that had covered him, pouring down in drops, sludgy like blood. That little fact makes him want to rip his hands away from the door.

But he's frozen.

He swears he's going to die simply from how fast his heart is beating, fast enough to feel it in his jaw and hear it in his ears. Yet-

Yet he notices that the room is silent. Not a noise slips through. There is no sound of cars driving by, of critters outside, of the humming. It is deathly, unnaturally silent. It is danger's shroud.

Clay stares at the door, wide-eyed. He doesn't know what to do. What would one do in such a situation?

He slowly looks up when he hears a scratchy groan from above him, sounding like someone choking, like... like a death rattle (he had heard it before, in a horror movie he can't even remember, and he had watched enough crime shows with his Mom to know fairly well what it sounds like through descriptions and context clues). His head tilts back, and his eyes strain by how wide they go.

Looking back down at him is the empty face full of eyes, all watching him (it almost reminds him of an extremely deformed spider or a kaleidoscope of eyes, mouths, and noses). Clay can't move, he can only stare. He is frozen. He is done for.

A single drop of the same disgusting, dark substance drips from the hole in the creature's face. It roles down its pale canvas, dripping onto Clay's tanned skin, ink connecting his scattered freckles.

Cold hands gently cup Clay's face, leaning it farther back until the top of his head is pressed against the chest of the vile being behind him. The tips of the thing's fingers trace his pulse for a second before it gently rests on his jaw.

It leans down just as Clay feels himself go boneless, the static rising and the haze of his sleepy mind returning full force.

"What do you want?" Clay wants to scream. It comes out as a pitiful, quiet, gentle sob that is barely audible instead.

And just before darkness consumes him, Clay hears a soft voice that is rich and dark answer: "You."

-----

When Clay wakes in the morning, he is cocooned into his blankets like a swaddled baby, and his head is throbbing. He feels sick, feverish. He's sweating like a motherfucking pig in the heat of summer.

When he remembers the night, he cries. It's after him, it wants him.

He's fucking done for.

-----

Clay doesn't notice the different atmosphere in his room. The darkness in the corners or the faint smell of nature and rotting corpses. Nobody does.

Yet, an Angel lifts his head with a scrunch of his nose and turns his head to look out on the woods and to the town.

The cryptid that has crossed him has laid a claim, a new piece of territory. As soon as he feels (and smells) it, it is gone from his senses, his reach. The fucker is teasing him.

Well, they can play their games. The Angel will figure them out soon enough.

-----

His sneakers grind on the leaves, the natural grime of the forest. The woods are bigger. Must be before the town grew and divide into sections.

At least, that's what Karl assumes. Time travel is a funny thing, after all. He can only make educated guesses, theories, about his environment. He's not here for Mother Nature's gift to humanity; he's here for answers.

He crouches down behind a thick oak tree, letting out a slow, shaky breath, trying to stay quiet even when his calves burn for crouching so long. He peaks around the tree to watch the figure who stands in a tiny clearing.

He is tall, scarily so. His pink hair is falling freely behind him, reaching his midback, a sharp crown of cold gold sits upon his head. His blouse is stained red, but not as red as his cape with fur trim, fit for a monarch. The once-silky white shirt is now dirtied from two corpses that sit below him, as well as his hands and his entire front, including his sharp jawline.

It is The King of the Antarctic, The Blood God, from sixty-one years ago.

While cryptids can never age, it is clear in small differences that The King is from an earlier time than the present. Karl can see more rage on the male's face, so this must be before the cryptid had managed to perfect his poker face. The King's hair is shorter instead of it reaching right below his waist as it does nowadays, and his skin is far more human-looking than in present times.

Yet, the male is still just as terrifying as it is in the modern era.

Karl watches as The King removes his sword from the gaping-mouthed body, taking a step

back to observe what he has done. He grumbles, wiping his blood-ridden hands onto his even bloodier pants.

A gust of wind draws both their attention, Karl curling in on himself just in case, as The Angel descends with a broken body thrown over his shoulder. The angelic man (whose hair is far shorter, and his stubble is far wilder) throws it down at the feet of The King, opening his claw hand as if to say “here you go... now take it”.

A puddle of rain and mud moves sluggishly, but The Angel and The King pay it no mind. They are busy sizing each other up, trying to determine if killing the other is really worth the effort. A tinted hand reaches out from the mud, a mess of wet curls following as the two finally look over at the emerging Siren.

Yet, Karl does not care. He went too far. He needs to go further back, he needs to know whose those people were before they died. What had they done to evoke rage from the cryptids, why were they here, what were they doing? Why did the cryptids work together? How did they decide to work together?

He needs to go back further than midnight on May third, just by a few minutes, or an hour.

Karl turns around back to the sacred book that lies in his backpack, ready to reach for it. He stops and feels his heart drop to his fucking toes.

Because his hazel eyes meet glazed over, navy blue eyes and the figure that is literally right in front of him reaches out a hand too fast for Karl to process and pushes his head back with a tingling touch.

-----

Karl startles awake, sitting up from the now cold water in the bath, his clothes feeling like bricks upon his skin. The book is sitting open next to the tub.

“Oh, fuck,” Karl gasps, hands coming up to hold his head. He brings his head up to look out the high-placed window, seeing the beautiful tree-tops of the woods. He thought he knew, that he understood. Yet, now he knows the truth:

There is something else in that woods. Something that knows what Karl’s doing. Something that Karl has no idea to handle.

Karl cusses again, venomously, terrified.

\_\_\_\_\_

“I’m serious, Jason! Someone... someone has been after my things, talking to your son!”

Ted had honestly envisioned this conversation going far better than it was right now. After he spent the night buying security cameras, he had taken Tubbo to the inner city, called Mojang. The two had gone to the history museum before getting a far too expensive dinner and ice cream at the famous ‘Velvet and Frost’s’ restaurant.

It was mainly to get out of the house. Ted didn't want to risk anything, especially with Tubbo.

The morning after that, Ted drove Tubbo over to Jason's house, a tall house that was painted in dark forest green. His nephew's father got up from where he was sitting on the stoop, putting out his cigarette (something he has yet to stop) on the warmed cement. Once the feral child was released from the car, Jason crouched down to pick Tubbo up with a cheerful, "Hey bud!"

The two men had hugged each other before going inside and conversing about Jason's recent work projects and their trip to Mojang. When Ted had dropped his smile and said with all seriousness, "we need to talk", the other man had known something was up. He sent Tubbo off to play outside, before sitting down at the kitchen table so he could have a view of his son through the glass door from where he sat.

Ted had taken a deep breath, sat down across from one of his best friends, and started weaving the story through cautious words and nervous hand motions. He talked about the missing items, how Tubbo could find them and how he knew about someone taking Ted's things, the security cameras -- everything.

He didn't know how Jason would respond, but laughing and blowing Ted off with his concern was not what he expected. Like, at all.

Jason had always been a protective father. The first couple months of Tubbo being born, the man wouldn't let anyone touch him, always glaring, or holding his son closer. It took a year and seven months for Ted to even hold the kid. So, one would think that in a situation explained by a trust-worthy friend that concerned the safety of said protective father's son, that they would... care. Worry. Ask, no, demand for a further explanation. Not just blow it off and raise a brow and ask, "Are you serious? That's not even a good joke."

So, yeah, Ted was a little frustrated.

"Ted, you're just being paranoid," Jason said almost, dare Ted say, patronizing, "No one is stealing your things, let alone talking to my son."

"And how do you know? You weren't there, you didn't- you didn't hear a word your son said to me. Tubbo doesn't lie, Schlatt," Ted spat out, using Jason's last name. He always did it when he was annoyed. Yet, Jason didn't look bothered by it, instead almost... there was a glint in Jason's eye for a second. A glint that Ted didn't like.

"Of course my son doesn't lie, he's a truthful boy, but he's a child. Children say things all the time. Now, I don't know what you're playing at here, but knock it off. The joke isn't funny. It isn't even creative," Jason's eyes narrowed, hands that rested on the table clenching into fists for a moment.

"Someone is preying on your son, and you don't care," Ted said lowly, a scowl painting his face. He couldn't believe how the man in front of him was behaving.

"I do care about my son and who is around him and what happens around him," Jason starts slowly, eyes glued to Ted's face as if deciphering a puzzle, analyzing him, "and let me tell you something, Ted..."

Jason leaned forward and Ted -- ever so stubborn -- stayed right where he was. His frown faltered for a second when Jason smiled, a strange kind of smile. It wasn't genuine. It wasn't fake. It was just... there. Ted could feel Jason's breath on his cheek, he was so close.

"If someone was endangering my kid," Jason said, "I'd know about it."

Jason leaned back and Ted, for just a single millisecond, could not recognize the man right in front of him.

And for some reason, that fact was the scariest part of it all.

---

The black SUV pulled up to Hypixel Police Station with an ease of the tires, a tiny twist of the wheel. The man behind the wheel sighed out of exhaustion. These missing cases had been burning him out, and as he looks to the man in the passenger seat, he knows he feels the same. Sergeant Tapl turned to the chief, who just shook his head, before opening the car door and stepping out. The sergeant simply followed.

Waiting for them outside was Senior Officer Sparkelz-Maroon, or just Officer Sparkelz for short. Lieutenant Berries had arrived just a few minutes before the two of them, and was having idle conversation with the man, though both seemed tense. Understandable with all the recent events.

Senior Officer Grian from the Dodgebolt district was also there with an extra large coffee, as well as Twitch's Senior Officer Ludwig, and Steam's Senior Officer Iplier who was talking on the phone to someone named "Amy".

"Gentlemen," Chief Major said and all of them snapped to attention, Officer Iplier hanging up the phone with a quick "I love you, see you later". It was almost amusing how quick all the men focused on the Chief.

"I believe we have much to discuss," He started, "Officer Sparkelz? Where are the officers working on this case?"

"Inside, sir," The officer responded, and opened the door for all the men to enter through. The station smells stale and of heavy coffee and late-nights. A tall figure looked up from their phone when they saw the group enter. They brushed their brown hair back and adjusted their sunglasses before greeting the men with a smile.

"Officers, Chief," Officer Eret Kingston greeted, "I wish we were meeting under better circumstances."

"As do I, Kingston," The Chief said with a understanding smile. Two women -- one tall with long, dark hair and heavy eye-liner, the other shorter with sweetly applied make-up -- approached with serious faces that looked almost wrong on them. The two looked like smile-y people naturally, but were probably trying to look professional.

"Good evening Officer Minx, Officer Ziegler. Where is Officer Finnster?" The Chief asked.



“Went to go get some coffee, sir,” Officer Minx responded, accent heavy and thick, “Left around five thirty.”

“Good. We’re going to need it. Officer Eret, if you would go get the map with the locations of where our victims were reported to be seen last or where they were found. Officer Iplier, help Officer Minx with getting the files of all missing people. Officer Grian, help Officer Ziegler with getting all the files for all the confirmed deaths that are related to missing cases. Officer Ludwig, get all the files of recent deaths. Lieutenant, Sergeant, if you would please grab the supplies from the car. When you all get done, come to the conference room,” The Chief gave a thankful smile as everyone assigned departed.

“Officer Sparkelz?” The man turned to look at his Senior Officer, the man perking up.

“Yes?” The man asked his superior. Both men sported eye bags, and the usually held together Officers looked miserable. This case was devastating in all ways possible; they wouldn’t let another file be added to the collection. They wouldn’t. The media was already beginning to pick up on the Esempii’s Police Force’s incompetence. Every missing case, every unanswered, no longer felt like a tragedy. It felt like a personal attack, a failure.

They were doing this for each victim, and if it helped repair their dignity and the people's trust in them, then it was an added bonus.

“When Officer Finnster gets here with the coffee, send him immediately to the conference room,” The Chief said, “We’re gonna need the caffeine unless we want to end up in the station’s death files too.”

“Of course sir.”

---

Clara is a naturally protective woman; That she won’t try to deny.

When she met shy, quiet Edward in their first year of college, she was always taking care of him and his safety. It amplified when she became a mother by a thousand percent. What good mother wouldn't care for her children's safety and well-being?

She’s never liked strangers or not-too-close friends touching her kids.

Yet, as Tommy pokes and prods at Will’s face as he tries to talk with Clara about the two’s day of watching Disney movies and playing hide and seek, eyes bright and curious at every quirk of the man’s lips and the hands that run through his hair -- well, she can’t help but let it happen. Just for a little while.

Clementine and Henry are already in bed, and by Tommy’s yawns that escape and make him pause his tracing of Will’s faint stubble, it won’t be long until he falls asleep too. So, when he finally droops and buries his face in Will’s chest, she takes him with a soft smile and goes to put Tommy to bed.

And later, when all is said and done, and Wilbur is leaving, Clara decides to extend an olive branch in his direction.

“Thank you so much, Will,” Clara said as she opened the door for the man, “for everything. I think you’re perfect for this.”

“Well... I try,” Will says as he steps out of the door, into the setting sky, “I’ll be in touch, Mrs. Simons.”

“Actually... I was hoping to get to know you more. Perhaps come over for dinner soon? I would love to meet you and anyone important in your life if you’re going to be looking after my son,” Clara states. If this young man was going to be looking out for her son, she at least wanted to know him more than kind greetings and quick goodbyes. Will looks at her for a moment with something akin to surprise then panic in his eyes, before his face slacks into his normal, charming expression.

“That does sound lovely, but I’m afraid-”

“I can make anything you want for dinner, if you’d like,” Clara adds in, “No one here is allergic to anything.”

Wilbur opens his mouth, pauses, before raising a brow, “Anything I want?”

“Yes, of course!”

“If you and your family are free in two days’ time, if it isn’t too much trouble, anything with meat would be good,” Will says slowly as if tasting the words that leave his lips. Clara smiles. Success.

“Absolutely! Consider it done!”

Guess when Clara’s mother told her food is love, she wasn’t kidding.

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Oh gods above, what had Wilbur done?

When he gets home, father and brother dearest were going to beat the shit out of him. Hopefully, the promise of food will keep them at bay.

Key word: Hopefully.

## Chapter End Notes

Ay, Quackity’s goin be here next chapter... hopefully.

Anyways -- GUYS. I’VE DONE IT.

I HAVE MADE A Do Mi Ti (Why not me?) SPOTIFY PLAYLIST!!!

HERE'S THE LINK:

[https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3vyiNuD0jXhwSQMD6eFhg7?si=fGc\\_E6NuTZOtOFhOSU4r0w&dl\\_branch=1](https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3vyiNuD0jXhwSQMD6eFhg7?si=fGc_E6NuTZOtOFhOSU4r0w&dl_branch=1)

IF THAT DOESNT WORK MY USER NAME IS: NStrawberries

AND THE PLAYLIST'S NAME IS: DMT (WNM?) Playlist

IT IS ONLY AVAILABLE ON SPOTIFY AT THE MOMENT!!!

IF ANY OF YOU WOULD LIKE IT ON YOUTUBE JUST COMMENT AND ASK!!!

Anyways, as always, thank you, and comments + kudos are appreciated!

# Hurt for the Victims, Fun for the Bitches

## Chapter Summary

Some beginning lore, a solution, a problem, and problematic monsters-disguised-as-people... what can go wrong?

## Chapter Notes

Hello all!

Please read end notes!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's sweltering hot, the kind that makes you sticky with sweat and you swear you can smell the humidity in the air. The adults are up on the hill, talking and drinking beer. A woman cackles. He perks up at the sudden noise before settling back down.

The sun blinds him, and every time he closes his eyes, he sees stars. The grass is like a warm blanket underneath his sweating body, sneakers, and socks off for his feet to breathe, heels digging into the summer soil. He inhales deeply, letting out a breath.

A boney yet familiar hand grips his, a thumb tracing his skin before settling near his pulse.

He smiles. His fingers clumsily intertwine with the other's, sweaty palm on sweaty palm, a blade of grass tickling his wrist.

And there the two shall lie, this moment made of grass-stained socks and childish dreams and silence.

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(When he places a hand down on the shapeless grass, his fingers twitch, and he reaches.

Yet there is no hand to hold and to memorize each callus, bump, bandage, palm line. Not anymore.

He retracts his hand.)

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“GEORGE!” A squeaky voice calls, high and wail-y, “DREAM!”

Clay watches as George deflates with a heavy sigh, nudging his sunglasses further up his nose as he turns. It’s almost sad to see the devastating power Quackity’s voice holds over his friend’s mood. Almost. He finds himself smiling at the sound of flip-flops against pavement paired with the maniacal giggling of his younger friend.

Quackity rushes over and pulls Clay into a hug so sloppy and quick, that it looks like his friend rather tried to climb him than embrace him. His beanie scratches Clay’s neck, the other was so short – even shorter than George! – that his nose smashed against the center of his chest. Quackity turned half-feral before practically pouncing on George, who let out an indignant yelp.

Clay’s friends, or the Feral Boys as Quackity and Karl had named them with bubbly laughter, were meeting up for one last hoorah before school kicked off. Sapnap, George, and Clay attended the same school and were almost always in the same classes, but Karl was homeschooled and Quackity attended a private school. Their schedules would be messed up, so who knew when they would all see each other again?

“Ugh Quackity, get OFF-” George grunts as he pushes against the younger before letting out a yelp, “Karl, GET OFF ME!”

Karl, who had attacked George from behind, simply giggles and squeezes George tightly. “Don’t let go!” Sapnap cheers, a bit strangely as if his throat is sore, next to Clay who greets him by nudging him with his shoulder. Sapnap turns and smiles at him.

Everyone is laughing and smiling, and Clay... well. His paranoia had increased tenfold since That Night, and he thought that maybe hanging out with his best friends would make him feel safer. Better, really. But now, with all of them here, he still feels empty. Scared. Isolated. Sick. This was a bad idea.

But looking at Sapnap’s crooked smile, George’s exasperated but joyful screeches, Quackity’s teasing eyes, and Karl’s soft hands with painted nails, he found he couldn’t leave. He’d look weird, dumb. They’d hate him, surely. This has been all they had been talking about, and for him to just dip? Not cool.

It’s fine. Clay straightens up and joins in the fun, tackling all of them into a hug, an easy feat since he’s the tallest with, which meant he had the longest arms that had come along with the package.

He laughs to distract himself. It’s fine. It’s gonna be fine.

He stumbles with Quackity as they peel off towards town, frets over Sapnap when he starts to cough and sniffle but stops when his friend pushes him away with groaning “I’m fine”, has an energy drinking contest with Karl that leaves his heart racing with adrenaline and his head spinning, and overall has a good time.

So why won’t That Feeling from That Night go away? Clay should feel frustrated, worried, sad, but... he just feels... empty? Is that the right word?

He watches as Karl, Quackity, and Sapnap sprint towards their favorite food truck: L' Burger, the truck that makes the best damn cheeseburgers in all of the Esempii. He's about to go after them when George grabs his hand.

"Look Clay," George points to a small antique store with a sign 'buy one, get one free!', "Freaky, huh?"

Clay follows his finger to the display window and immediately sees what George is talking about. Countless face masks – actual full-face masks with black and brown leather straps to adjust and put around one's head to keep it in place – of all different designs. Some are more feminine than others, with lips painted on and delicate designs. Others seem to be straight from foreign cultures, like the Oni one that hangs there, red and gold with blue. Two catch his eyes, though. One with no features except the gold flakes around the edge, and one that's just blank.

That... has potential. If The Monster with no face comes after him, couldn't Clay just... try to cover the hole? It's risky and dumb, and a weird idea but Clay is desperate for any kind of solution.

And desperation makes anyone do crazy things.

No one says anything when he comes back with a reusable shopping bag, and two masks are noticeably missing from the display window.

Though Clay swears that as he was eating his burger with the bag between his feet, Karl looked at him with a glint in his eyes that made everything seem too much and too little, there and here, everything and nothing.

When he looked up, Karl was already talking with George about how boring homeschooling is going to be. Strange, but not the strangest thing to happen yet, so no one can really blame Clay when he pays no attention to it.

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When he gets home after splitting up from Sanap and George, he pulls the masks out. He only wanted one, but the discount took a large amount of money off, so he begrudgingly bought two.

He holds the flat porcelain masks within his hands, both so similar yet different, the gold flakes with the black leather and larger build, and the plain one with the brown leather.

Clay sits there and looks at them until his Mom calls him down for dinner.

He puts them back in the bag and tucks them under his bed, safe from the world.

Clay disntantly wishes he could save himself like that, too.

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Sapnap doesn't feel good. Like, not at all.

He hasn't the whole day, but it's just gotten even worse.

He's sweating, and he feels so cold that he's burning. He can barely keep his eyes open, no matter how he talks or how many pieces of bubblegum he's shoved into his mouth to try and keep himself awake. His jaw is extra achey now. In fact, his entire body feels like he's just run a twenty-mile marathon. As he walks down the sidewalk from where he's split off from Dream and George (who were just too loud, loud, loud, LOUD-), he wants to hold his nose and blow, because his ears are filled to the brim with nonexistent cotton. His fingers twitch but he can't find the energy to do that. His sneakers drag on the ground, the gritty sound of friction making his chest tight with the noise. Distantly, he notes that his eyes are itchy. Like, really itchy.

In fact, his eyes have been strangely sensitive all day. Huh. He must really be sick then.

He nearly wails in relief when he sees his house. He really wants a fucking nap and some of Zak's funky soup that looks diseased and smells like all the seasonings in the world took turns dumping each other in, but it tastes so good and warm that he perks up slightly. Sapnap wanders up the driveway (almost tripping a bit because of the slant, which makes his already surely rosy cheeks beet red), opens the front door with heavy hands, rubbing his eyes to try and relieve the itchiness as he stumbles in.

He goes to walk down the hall, look for his dad or Zak, but something – and he has no idea what – tells him to look at his hand as he lowers it from his right eye. He pulls his hand down and he blinks. Once, twice. A few more times to try and unblur his suddenly blurry vision.

Painting the side of his hands is something red.

It smells horrible, almost metallic-like, mixed with something that can only be described as rotting food. He turns his hand back, further away from him only to see the red shine somewhat unnaturally, glinting red-orange and black and yellowish-gold and-

It drips down his palm and to his wrist.

Oh. His heart drops to his fucking toes.

"Dad...?" He stutters out into the empty air. Something warm and wet begins to slide down his face, and his vision blurs to red. He's really fucking hot now, and if anything makes friction with him right now, he's sure he'll burst into flames like a match.

"Dad," He says louder, voice straining with horror. He can't see anything, he can't move, he's too weak and too hot. He has no idea what to do. Something trickles from his nose as he begins to sluggishly but no less frantically wipe his face, and when he opens his mouth to scream, something rises in his chest, bubbling like lava.

"Dad! Zak! DAD-" The thing builds in Sapnap's throat, and he tries to hold it in as he stumbles down the hall, painting it red with the hand he places there to try and guide him (because the blood is blocking his vision, his airway, its fucking everywhere-). He doesn't

make it ten steps before he's throwing up all over the place – hitting his shirt, his shoes, the floor. Fuck, some of it even splashes onto the walls.

It hurts, it fucking burns, it really fucking hurts and he's clutching his stomach so hard that it's sure to bruise. The bile won't stop coming and he gets even hotter as it pours out a second time, making him slide down the wall and fall into a heap on the floor. Sapnap's crying through the liquid coming out of his mouth, terrified sobs leaving his lips, and tears streaming down agonized face, and he wants his dad or even Zak but when he goes to plead, he gags and more vomit comes rushing out.

He's on fire, he's sure of it. He's been doused with gasoline, thrown a lighter, and he is burning. Sapnap's body is his soul's crematorium.

Something loud (too fucking loud, please-) is coming towards him and he doesn't get a chance to see what it is before two sturdy things wrap around his torso, and the force of the movement forces something blobby and thick out of his mouth. It burns and something is grabbing him, pulling him up and up until he is given a moment of clarity where the blood falls out of his pupil completely to see that he is being carried somewhere in the house. There's something slamming in the kitchen, things being scooped into what sounds like a bucket or metal container of some kind, but he feels the vomit rising again and he panics. He claws and the black turtleneck underneath him, and he tries to hold it in. It burns like he is trying to swallow a firecracker.

Up the stairs and to the left. Bathroom, hopefully. Sapnap is set down on something cool and shaped like a seat. It's the toilet lid, and he blinks up for a moment to see through the bloody liquid to see those ridiculous rubber ducks on the shelf that Zak had gotten a few weeks after moving in with Sapnap and his dad.

Speaking of his dad, he's kneeling in front of him, hazel eyes unreadable. Large hands come up to cup his face as he clutches his hands around his mouth, hunched over. Sapnap will not throw up again, he won't. His dad drops a hand to start tugging his shoes off, but the other one grips his hands and-

Sapnap's dad fucking pulls his hands away from his mouth.

Sapnap clutches them back, hurt hopefully shining through his eyes. Why isn't his dad helping him? Can't he see? Why isn't he in the backseat of that silver Hyundai, his dad holding him tight and close as he frets, Zak driving down the road at high speeds to try and reach the hospital?

Why the fuck isn't he doing anything?

"Nicholas, you gotta throw it all up," His dad tells him with a pleading voice but it is stern all the same, "Please, you must throw it up." Sapnap shakes his head, holding in his screams of pain as his throat is victim to the incineration liquid.

His dad tears off his other shoe, before both hands actively pull his hands away from his face. Sapnap lets out a screaming whine as he fights back. How fucking dare his dad do this? What the fuck is his deal? He can't bear to look his father in the eyes, shutting them and trying to



keep the focus on keeping it all down. Yet, with a particularly harsh tug, Sapnap's eyes fly open and bloody brown meets unreadable hazel. He glares as best he can through the pain. A thud comes from downstairs followed by a muffled yell just as Sapnap's dad forces his arms and hands away and holds them with iron grips to Sapnap's shaking sides. With no blockage to the gateway that is his mouth, Sapnap gives one last betrayed, pleading look to his father.

He might as well be looking at a brick wall.

Sapnap can't hold it in anymore. He gags and on the first attempt, the fluid drains out of him again, burning and destroying his chest and throat. He vaguely notes that the red-orange substance falls all over his father's pants and lower shirt. Serves him right.

He thinks of saying so in spite before the pain suddenly increases tenfold and he goes limp, falling into his father's broad chest. Footsteps are approaching, his skin is burning, water is splashing, and... nothing.

The world slips away just as the pain reaches its final crescendo in this performance of pain.

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The strings all snap, the brass squeaks, the woodwinds blow too loud and abruptly.

The performance is over but no one is clapping. Just dreamy white-noise.

Or maybe, it is the moment before the eruption of love and admiration or a tsunami of hatred and booing, the moment where the audience holds their breath even though they're already breathless themselves.

Or maybe, there will be nothing at all.

Nothing at all.

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A knock on the door alerts Clara, who has been bustling around the house all evening for Wilbur and his family. Edward is dressing Tommy and the twins are watching TV but Clementine goes to turn it off when she hears the knock, Henry perking up.

The woman wipes her hands one last time on the kitchen towel before taking a deep breath to steady herself. She calls up to Edward – “Love, they're here!” – before rounding the corner. Clara hears voices through the door, one Wilbur's and another strangely stoic sounding. It almost sounds like they're arguing.

She hesitates, but as soon as she grips the doorknob, all falls silent. Clara opens it with a smile.

“Wilbur,” She greets the tall man before looking around him, “and family! Welcome!”

“Why thank you, Mrs. Simons,” Will greets back with a teasing lilt in his voice, before gesturing to the two men behind him, one short but smiling, the other tall and blank.

“Allow me to introduce my father, Ezekiel, and my twin brother, Beck,” The shorter man holds out his hand, blonde locks curling around his shoulders, blue eyes soft looking as he grins. The younger one stands rigid, hands in his pants pockets, pink sweater vest looking magenta against the setting sun.

“It’s lovely to meet you, Mrs. Simons,” Ezekiel greets with a charming voice, accent thickly laced between his words, “and, please. Call me Eli. Ezekiel is a bit too formal, innit?” Clara can see where Will gets his attitude from now. She takes his hand, noting its coolness in temperature, and shakes it politely. As Will and Eli shuffle past her, Beck grabs her hand, looking down at her through his glasses. His rings are cool to the touch, such a stark contrast to the heat his skin is emitting as he gives her a firm shake, with a monotone “Pleasure.”

And when he walks by, his strawberry blonde hair – that looks artificially wavy, as if it had been in a braid for a long time, let loose from its twisty confines – flows out and tickles Clara’s nose for a quick second. It makes her smile quirk up.

“Impeccable timing, because I just finished party potatoes!” Clara converses, bustling ahead of the men (she tries not to double-glance, but she swears Beck perks up considerably). As she goes to continue, an interrupting “Wilby!” breaks in.

Tommy rushes forward, making grabby hands at the tall man, who coos and snatches the toddler up with one big swoop. Tommy grips Will’s cheeks as he smiles, calling out another happy, “Wilby!”

“Hi, Toms!” Wilbur gushes with the same level of excitement, “Look who’s here! My dad, Eli, and brother, Beck!”

Eli smiles adoringly up at the small boy, who reaches out to him. The man takes the toddler’s grabby hands and shakes them in greeting. Beck gives a little smile, upper lip pulling up for a split second.

“Wha’ with the silly names, Wilby?” Tommy whispers against Wilbur’s neck, letting out a whine when Phil and Technoblade (or “Eli” and “Beck”) walk away without giving him nearly as much attention as they usually do.

“It’s a game, Sunshine,” Wilbur whispers right back, “To see how long it takes your… family to notice that’s not our real names. So don’t say anything okay?”

“Okay,” Tommy murmurs, before perking up, “Why Eli and Beck?”

“Phil and Techno’s names are Eli and Bill because the ‘e’ in Eli stands for Elytrian,” Wilbur chuckles wildly, “and- and the ‘b’ in Beck stands for Bunny.”

“Bunny?” Tommy giggles.

Wilbur can practically feel, see, and hear the jealousy and annoyance radiating off Techno from here.

He smirks against his boy's curls.

It's going to be a long, long, fun night.

## Chapter End Notes

So:

In this universe, an Elytrian is a type of big bird that is known for being able to fly for a long time and is famous for its protective and strange parenting skills to their young.

Also, Quackity is here, and his arrival brings lots of lore! And Sapnap be fighting mental and physical demons rn fr.

And of course, strawberry blonde human technoblade my beloved <3 he should be all your beloved too.

Again, I moved all the QnAs and the Poll to another fic in this series. They're not gone, just moved.

IMPORTANT: look out for that SCP fic to be published, because rest assured, it's coming out very, very soon

EDIT: Hope everyone who celebrates Christmas had a very merry Christmas! and to those who don't, I hope you have/had a Happy Holidays! And Happy New Years everyone!

Anyways, hope you enjoyed it and make sure to comment! They make me smile.

# Devotion and Duplicity are Two Sides of the Same Coin

## Chapter Summary

The dinner results

Sapnap wakes up and something's changed

Dream faces his demons (one is significantly worse than the others)

Karl is STRESSED™ and unknowingly makes a mistake

The police station gets a call

Schlatt notices something off with Tubbo and he is not amused whatsoever

## Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! Been awhile. Life's been busy but I had the chance to upload today and I wanted to make up for being gone so long, so today is an extra long chapter! Enjoy!

IMPORTANT - TW/CW for this chapter:

uncomfortable situations, hysteria, panic attacks (not in detail but it is one), mentions of rabid dogs/a past rabid dog attack, descriptions of corpses (animal and human), sudden death, death just in general

(I think that's it. If you think I should add more to the list, let me know!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first thing Clara thinks about the Watsons is that they are an odd bunch of people, similar yet not in any way possible at the same time.

Sitting around the dinner table, they look out of place, unnatural in a way she has never seen anyone before. Eli seems eager to make conversation but also seems off, distant in the way his eyes wander as they make small talk, bored in how his index finger has consistently tap-tap-tapped the table ever since he sat down. Beck keeps to himself, awkward and horribly out of place no matter what he does, shifting and stretching his neck, as if to distract himself from the night. Will fills in holes in the conversation Clara didn't know was there, happy to

chat every second of every minute, but there is a tired gleam in his eyes that shines in the warm light of the kitchen. Then, there's Tommy, who's.... well..... Tommy – Bright, loud, funny, and clingy.

The second thing she thinks about them is that they are close.

There's something invisible that ties them together with a pretty bow resting on their hearts. She can see it in the way Will covers for Eli and Eli covers for Will when the conversation goes astray, both able to keep up with each other and keep each other on track. It shows when Beck pokes his head out of his shell just to make fun of Will and the playful look of 'you're on' in Will's face when his brother starts his shenanigans. It's so painfully clear with the way they look at each other, something soft and lovely in their eyes even if they say something out of the ordinary or dark.

The third thing she thinks about them is that they have a soft spot for Tommy already.

Eli stops whatever he's saying as soon as Tommy speaks up, blue eyes kind and intrigued, smile welcoming to whatever he has to say. Beck actually grins and Will is just Babysitter Will with Tommy all over again. It's sweet, the way this small toddler has them wrapped around his grimy little finger.

It's almost like a fun TV show, watching how the Watsons interact and speak to one another and to the Simon family.

When Clara pulls the food out, she passes napkins around to her three kids, "I do want to warn you... the food is hot-"

"Beck!" Tommy squeals and Clara looks up just in time to see the stoic Beck shove a whole steaming potato into his mouth. His cheeks puff up like he's a chipmunk. She can't help the amused sound that escapes her, though with how loud Tommy's laughing, she doesn't think Beck would even hear her.

Clara goes to look at Eli and Will only to drop her utensils onto the table. Eli is eating with his hands, looking as if he's barely breathing in between bites and Will is absolutely tearing into some of the steaks she had made. All three men startle when they realize the entire Simon family is silently watching them, except Tommy, who giggles like someone has told the best joke of all time.

Wilbur leans back and swallows, clearing his throat. The two other men, who had looked a little offended at being stared at while eating, follow his lead. They try too hard to copy Will, with the folding of hands and charming smile.

"Sorry... the food was just so good, we couldn't help ourselves!" Wilbur says cheerfully. Eli nods and underneath the table, there is the squeaking of shoes, a small thud like something solid has been kicked. Not even a moment later, Beck nods as well though he obviously looks less sincere about it.

Clara smiles albeit a bit awkwardly, but she smiles nonetheless and says nothing as slowly but surely Will is mutilating his steak with his teeth, Phil is digging in with his hands, and

Techno is just eating the mashed potatoes, baked potatoes, and party potatoes like it's his last meal.

Clara had thought that this dinner was going to be a memorable one for sure.

And don't get her wrong, she still does. But now, as she watches in awe of the eating men in front of her, feeling like she is visiting the zoo and getting to watch the animals eat up close, she thinks it's going to be just as memorable.

Just for all the wrong reasons.

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It's after midnight and the "Watson" family has left the Simons (the dinner had actually been very nice after that, if not for the strange amount of consumption and weird looks shared between the them when a topic – like the police announcing the investigation – came up), tearfully parting with their little boy. They've shifted back now, bones cracking and skin pulling and shifting. Wilbur is still making fun of Techno's awkwardness and Tech looks five seconds away from breaking Wilbur's neck right there.

Phil sighs, getting ready to play mediator-

He pauses, body tense and nose suddenly sniffing like a bloodhound. Something smells horrible like perfume mixed with mold. Something... new.

Something (or someone) knew has just announced themselves in Phil's territory, acting like they own the place, and doing something bad enough that it alerted his senses. While he had felt tugs in his human form, something begging him to transform and leave, to hunt down whatever was in his space but he hadn't really thought anything of it. Maybe it was that weird cryptid Phil had yet to catch a couple of weeks ago.

Evidently not.

And now, Philza – the motherfucking Angel of Death – is pissed.

"Boys," His voice hits both of them like a well-aimed bullet. They turn, confusion and apprehension painting their features at his tone. Phil just tilts his head and creepily smiles, "How do you feel about a good 'ol manhunt one of these days?"

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Waking up was a surprisingly quiet affair.

There was no dramatic "He's awake!" or unsettling silence. No, it was like a normal day. There was soft moonlight shining through his window, and crickets and other insects singing their song. His head was stuffy like he was sick, body aching and cheeks hot, and the swell of his back was rather grossly collecting sweat.

Sapnap yawned, sluggishly getting out of bed and stumbling to the bathroom. He somehow felt better, like a weight had been lifted off his chest. Turning on the lights, he let out a disgruntled groan and the brightness but left it alone anyways. When he passed the bathroom mirror, he stopped for a moment to assess his appearance. His face did look flushed and his hair was messy and pressed down from sweat. Everything else looked the same, from his glowing eyes to his pointed ears-

Wait. Glowing eyes and pointed ears.

Sapnap suddenly felt very awake as he leaned forwards, face dropping as he realized what his situation was. He raised a hand brushed against the point of his newly pointy ears and hissed at its sensitive and raw feeling. Panicking, he fell backward ignoring the thud it made and how the already silent house got quieter.

Something had happened to him. Something had been happening since yesterday morning to right now. Something in him- on him- with him had changed and he didn't know what to do. He-

"Nicholas...?" A soft voice called from the doorway. Sapnap raised his wide eyes to meet his dad's worried ones, "What are you doing up, Pandas?"

Sapnap stared, speechless. Did his dad just magically forget what happened? Had he gone blind? Were his glasses no longer working?

"Are you in pain? I can get you some Advil if you need it, or are you hungry? Then do you want some soup? Skeppy made some while you were asleep," He said in a gentle voice as if coaxing a wild animal.

Sapnap said nothing.

His dad shuffled at the door, "Um.... Pandas... if you don't need anything, please-"

"Dad. Have you lost your mind?"

His dad visibly recoiled in confusion, face hurt for a moment before it set into something easier on the eyes. He brought his large hands together, twisting and popping the knuckles, "I... I don't know what you mean, Pandas."

"Why didn't you help me?" Sapnap practically exploded with rage, all-consuming and fiery, "What's wrong with you? Do you not care, is that it? Did you- Did you do something to me? Made me sick? Why didn't you take me to the hospital? Why-"

"Pandas..."

"-did you sit there as I was vomiting up something that burned as bad as fucking lava, and you just watched. You watched! I can't believe-"

"Sapnap."

“You hate me don’t you?” Sapnap yelled animalistically, hysterical and hurt and confused and just plain angry, fighting off the way his knees were shaking and how tired he felt “You wanted me to die-”

“Sapnap!” His dad yelled just as loud, making the house drown in horrible silence once more. His face was hurt, glowing eyes filled with tears-

Wait. Glowing eyes.

His dad had glowing eyes that.. looked... just like his.

His dad was talking, but he couldn’t hear him. He couldn’t hear anything. Sapnap felt sick. He heaved, gagging and spitting, interrupting his dad’s speech. Nothing was making sense. What did he throw up? Why did his dad have glowing eyes? Why did Sapnap have glowing eyes? How was he going to live normally again? What did he really know about his dad? Was his dad really his dad?

One thing is for certain, Sapnap thinks crazed as he fumbles past his approaching father and back to his room, slamming the door and locking it. He throws everything he can, eager to destroy, before he gets too tired and collapses onto his bed.

Sapnap screams into his pillow.

I know nothing, his head finishes, angry and bitter at himself and the rest of this now too-big and cold world.

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It was going to be a long night. That, Clay knew immediately after lying in his bed for over two hours and not even getting a smidge tired. He had been curled under his blanket, surrounded by his stuffies, playing the ever-popular CraftMine on his phone. It was a crafting and mining game, exactly as the title stated, the players being able to build great structures of any material imaginable or having the opportunity to play with friends and eventually wage wars against each other. Most of the time, when the other members of the Feral Boys were online, the second option played out. When he played alone, though, Clay liked building his base.

He had been adding the fifth floor to his already magnificent base when his phone suddenly shut down at 11:22 p.m.. Sighing, he tried to power it back on. When that didn’t work, Clay leaned over to the socket to make sure his phone was plugged in. When he saw that it was, he frowned, sitting up fully.

He only noticed the monster was there when cold air drifted towards his face and his phone broke into a horrible symphony of static. Out of panic, Clay turned his head quickly to survey the room.

He met the outstretched hand of the creature, who was leaning onto the bed with its’ knee pressed onto the sheets and its’ other hand helping keep its balance by gripping the side of the bed.



Clay gasped, falling backward immediately. The monster apparently had the same idea, falling backward as well, hand retreating. The two had a staring contest like that, both in awkward and (seemingly, for the creature) panicked poses.

Clay was confused mostly through his fear. Why wasn't it doing anything? Was it waiting for him to move so it could strike? No, that couldn't be it. Ten minutes went by judging by the regular clock on Clay's wall, and the monster stood as still as a statue, just... observing him.

Clay found himself slowly losing a bit of tension in his shoulders. Not because he had suddenly found trust in the monster, oh hell no. Simply because it wasn't doing anything. Standing there, hunched over like that, it almost looked harmless. Freaky and deformed with that hole in its face but harmless nonetheless.

This would be the perfect time-

This would be the perfect time to give that weirdo the mask.

Slowly, oh so slowly, Clay pushed himself up. The monster didn't move. It didn't move when he sat up all the way, fear making his heart like a drum, a steady rhythm of nerves. It did flinch forwards causing Clay to flinch back when the boy had leaned down his bed to grab the bag underneath it. Pulling it out in a flash, he fumbled with the masks, dropping the plain one and grasping the gold-leafed one tightly.

The monster still hadn't moved. Okay, okay... this is good.

Without any more hesitation, Clay threw the mask to the edge of the bed and hurried back under the safety of his blanket. He closed his eyes tightly but there was nothing to indicate that the creature was moving or had even noticed the mask. With fluttering eyelids, he noticed that the monster had indeed noticed the mask but made no move to touch it or even walk towards it. Clay peeked over his covers a bit more. Did... Did it even know what a mask was? Or how to even use it?

Well, it didn't matter. Clay wasn't going to touch or even get within five feet of it if he had to!

A few awkward yet fearful moments passed. Nothing happened.

Okay, screw it, Clay felt worse just staring at the horrific jumbled mess of eyes, mouths, and noses within that empty void of a face.

And it hadn't been doing anything bad! If anything, it had just been watching him... okay, it wasn't much better but it was something.

Moving carefully towards the creature, movements jerky and looking robotic, he crawled to the edge of the bed and picked up the thrown mask. It was light normally but in his shaking hands, it felt like a ton was dropped into his hand. Standing on unsteady feet upon his bed, he balanced on his tiptoes, something horribly uncomfortable crawling around his skin. All those eyes of different shapes and sizes and colors just staring right at him. He needed them covered.

He did a little jump and slipped the mask onto the creature's face. It settled sloppily and was a little lopsided, but Clay wasn't inclined much to fix it. The mask did its job and that's all he could ask for.

Pulling back, Clay jumped and let out a yelp when the now-masked monster grabbed his wrist and pulled it up. Clay was about to screech as loud as he could, hating himself for being so stupid to approach the creature when it spoke.

It. Spoke.

"What is this," a statement phrased as a command, voice painful to his ears, like he wasn't meant to hear it. Clay, in all his terror, actually considered asking what he meant or was ready to explain what a mask was when-

A boney, black finger dragged across a faint scar. It really was faint, barely visible anymore. It was uneven lines of indents. Clay remembers how he got that scar (he had many, but that wasn't important right now).

It had been four summers ago when he and his family had gone to a park in the woods. It was nothing special, more of a tourist attraction if anything with a nature center and what-not. Clay had wandered away for a second, it had really only been a second, but that was enough. The town had a history of rabid animals that mobbed together ("Mobs" older kids had called them) and minded their business unless they deemed that someone was in their territory. Clay had unfortunately been deemed to be in their territory. The wild dog that had attacked him wasn't anything special – average size, multi-colored fur, wet nose. It had just seen him, and when Clay – who had never met a dog before and truly didn't know what to do – had held out a hand in a placating gesture, it lunged. Luckily, his Mom wasn't scared of the dog, and if she was she didn't show it.

Clay had been scared of dogs ever since, adopting a new love for cats or reptiles. It wasn't that he hated dogs, per se, and he understood that it wasn't really the dog's fault. It had grown up in the wild and saw Clay as a threat and defended its' turf. Still, the furry beasts scared him.

Clay didn't tell that monster any of that though, not that he thought he could through his heavy panting and begging. Somehow Clay felt the monster heard everything he said. It was an unnerving feeling.

As quickly as that feeling came it disappeared and somehow, the monster did too in a flurry of darkness, mass, and matter.

Clay fell back onto his bed, but he soon sprung up and ran to his mothers' room, sobbing.

The clock read 11:40, the monster was gone, Clay was alive, and only one mask remained, lonely and small where it lay abandoned on the sheets.

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If one were to open a dictionary with pictures and find the word 'stress', there would be a photo of Karl under it. He's sure of it.

He sighs, frustrated, flipping through his book reverently. It's not making sense. What was that creature that caught him in time, who had the power to knock him back to the future? How had he never heard of him? Surely, one of him over the span of time would have known about its existence. It just-

It's not making sense.

He sighed, desperately wishing for his sweatshirt back. He had taken it off at Quackity's house the previous day, as his house's AC unit was broken, and it was sweltering hot in the sudden Fall heat. He forgot to grab it on his way out and had texted Quackity to hold on to it so Karl could come to get it soon.

Pulling on his hoodie's sleeves was a good distraction. He felt naked without it.

Karl leaned back in his bed, head thudding against the headboard. He listened out into his house. He was pretty sure his mom was asleep, but he couldn't take any chances. When he heard nothing, he opened his book up to the correct page, putting his hand against it. It was cool to the touch, making his breath stutter and the hairs on his arms raise.

Karl took a deep breath. No matter how many times he did this, or how many times he will come to do this, the feeling of his body falling into the gentle yet constantly busy hands of time and being there but never really here – it was something he could never get used to.

He whispered a quick plea to the universe.

Then he pushed down into the page, and his hand went through. The room seemed to burst into a supernova, everything happening at once, the world adapting to the sudden change-

The supernova reformed back into an overblown star and the world went back to normal, everything and everyone unaware of the boy that had just slipped back into the arms of time.

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A rock thudded against Karl's bedroom window.

When nothing happened, another rock was thrown onto the window. Then another.

Then there were thuds and scrapes, followed by an angry "Estúpido Karl" and several other foreign insults that held no real heat. Finally, a hand emerged and grasped Karl's windowsill. Then another came up, followed by a beanie-clad head, and then the triumphant face of Quackity. His complexion was red and sweaty from scaling his friend's tall house with the vines that crawled up the house and to Karl's window, originating from the unruly garden in the house's backyard that Karl's mother had yet to clean up.

He pressed his face against the window, squinting his eyes and scanning the room, frowning when he didn't see Karl anywhere in the room. Quackity was about to give up and finally go

back down, but then he actually looked down. It was a dark night and he could barely see the bottom. Quackity looked back into the room.

Ah. He's sure Karl wouldn't mind him coming into his room for a few minutes, right?

He slid open the window, carefully maneuvering himself into the room. After he was safely inside, standing up and closing the window behind him before looking at his friend's empty room. Karl's hoodie – the whole reason Quackity was here late at night (he was also feeling a bit lonely, but he would never admit it) – was thrown onto the desk on the far wall. Quackity was about to raid his friend's room for something to occupy his time when something on the bed caught his eyes.

It looked ancient but well-kept for something so old, open to a random page and left for no one to read it. It probably belonged to an old guy who died and then nobody wanted it, so they either pawned it or left it in a thrift store to decay.

It practically had 'Karl Jacobs' written all over it. Karl liked old man stuff like that, like how George liked his British stuff and Sapnap liked his fire stuff.

"Well, hello," Quackity playfully greeted the book as he walked over, plopping himself on his friend's bed, picking up the item with care, "What do we have here?"

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The police station had gotten the call at 11:45 at night. Frantic screaming from someone by the name of Boomer. According to his report, he had been driving home when he drove past a denser area of Hypixel's woods. He had been listening to music and nothing was out of the ordinary when an animalistic shriek rang out from somewhere deep in the forest. It had startled him so bad he almost crashed his car, but had managed to safely pull over and collect himself. Sure, the scream freaked him out but that wasn't what made him call.

No, it was the following screams, unnatural and pained and strangely humanoid, and the quiet cracking noises in the distance that continued until the screaming suddenly stopped.

That was what caused him to call 911.

Despite the concerning call and ear-piercing screeches of Boomer, many of the officers were reluctant to go. Not because they didn't care, but because this whole investigation over the missing children and all the leads that could potentially go somewhere was absolutely draining. Coffee could only provide so much energy, and half the team was dead on their feet.

Though Officer Kingston had volunteered to go investigate and following their lead, Senior Officer Sparkelz also decided to with them.

So now the two sat in this dead quiet car with the only interruptions being that of the police radio chiming every now and then, a horrible excitement curling through their guts. It was always like that when an interesting call came through.

Truthfully, Officer Sparkelz has never done well in cars. Something about the blur of the world outside or the way the silence hung in the vehicle – It just made him feel nauseous. So, he couldn't really help it when he observed Eret's hands as he drove. There was something mesmerizing about the way Eret's hands moved on the wheel, confident and deliberate, firm where they stayed.

Eret's hands driving were what Eret Kingston was like as well. Ever since Sparkelz met the younger officer, he could tell what kind of person he was with how he held himself – shoulders back, head raised but not high enough to be cocky, feet planted steadily. He knew that the officer in front of him was a calm force of nature.

That's what made them so trustworthy.

Once, he overheard Officer Minx compare her co-worker to an owl, and looking at the person next to him, he could see what she meant.

"Something on my face?" Eret asked neutrally, still facing straight ahead. Sparkelz's face flushed out of embarrassment and turned to look out into the darkness lit only by the car's headlights, rolling his shoulders back and forth.

"No," Sparkelz responded, "Just... just thinking."

Eret hummed, finger tapping on the wheel as they made the vehicle turn, "What about?"

"I don't know," Sparkelz answered, "Just about stuff."

He suddenly felt exposed. He once cut open a dead frog for science class, cutting it opening and digging – He felt like that frog in its most vulnerable state and he wondered if that made Eret the student peering down at it, holding a scalpel and just observing.

That wasn't a comforting thought, let alone a comforting feeling. Sparkelz rolled his shoulders again to ignore it, feeling satisfied when they pop and his back feels loose again.

"Ah, okay," The officer murmured, "... I've been thinking a lot about stuff as well, y'know."

"The investigation?" Sparkelz tilted his head to look at his partner for the night again. Eret shrugged, face still set blankly.

"Yeah... something along those lines."

Sparkelz couldn't think of something else to add to the conversation, so he just nodded. The silence was back but it was different this time. For the rest of the ride, Sparkelz couldn't think of anything to describe it. Maybe that was a description enough for it.

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It was midnight when Eret pulled over the car and parked on the side of the road.

As Boomer (whose car was suspiciously still running yet empty which raised a few red flags) had said, this section of the woods were dense, their flashlights barely penetrating through trees. It was a bit annoying that there was no distinct location except a portion of the forest to look through, and because of the darkness, Sparklez found himself tripping more than he would have liked, falling to his knees more than once. Eret, however, seemed to be moving just fine. They stepped over fallen trees with their ridiculously long legs with the grace of a swan, maneuvering around prickly bushes and annoying vines easily. Sparklez did wonder how she was navigating the forest so easily when neither of them could really see even with their lights. After spitting out a curse from a bad fall, Eret had come over to help him, and Sparklez noticed they were still wearing those pitch-black shades.

Eret's flashlight must somehow be brighter.

Or maybe, Sparklez thought amusingly, Eret can see stuff that he can't.

Yeah right.

After walking through the thick foliage for what felt like hours and Sparklez finally deciding to start an actual conversation with Eret, the smell hit him. It felt like a train.

It was a disgusting mixture of rotten eggs and moldy meat, with something he couldn't place. It instinctively made him want to gag but he held it down. The hairs on his neck and arms stood up at their highest point. He only knew one thing that smelled like this, encountering it only three times his entire career as an officer.

Something was very wrong.

"Kingston," Sparklez whispered, looking through the suddenly sparse amount of trees and into a clearing. Vaguely, with the small amount of light his flashlight provided, he saw several holes. They looked like open graves.

"Kingston," Sparklez said louder, thoroughly scanning the clearing as he began to creep forwards. There was a hole near him. Just a few feet away now. The smell was something wet and metallic.

Once he was close enough, the officer peered down into the hole.

His heart dropped to his stomach.

"Kingston," Sparklez said under his breath, his call lost to the night.

In the hole was the carcass of several upon several wild dogs, mutilated so horribly that he couldn't even identify them as dogs at first. It was the tails and ears that gave it away. Their bodies were ripped open, intestines either sluggishly slid out of their bodies or around their necks like nooses. Eyes were ripped out and their muzzles were ripped open to barely resemble smiles, sharp and bloodied teeth peeking up at him and shining in his artificial light.

Amidst the bodies, was a human corpse, body twisted too far to be natural. A beanie with a silly frog sat atop the victim's head, bloodied and torn.

Guess he found the loud caller, Boomer.

Sparkelz couldn't hold back the gag this time, hands starting to shake. There were so many similar holes and that most likely meant they were filled with similar things.

In the back of his mind, he wondered if there were any missing people from the investigation in these holes. Pictures of children and adults were swimming rapidly around in his head.

A crunch of leaves alerted him, and he spun around-

"Eret," Sparkelz gasped.

Eret stared right back at him.

"Eret," Sparkelz repeated, "Eret... Boomer- dogs in- the holes-"

Eret's lips quirked up and all Sparkelz could think was WRONG.

"Oh Sparkelz," Eret said with something that poorly paralleled sympathy, "I already know." Their hand reached out and cupped his cheek and Sparkelz's head exploded into agony.

It was like he was being ripped apart and mashed back together repeatedly, something like his bones breaking and being put back together. As he collapsed into Eret's arms, he noticed his entire right arm was turning an ashy black. Like he was withering away in double time. Eret lowered them both to the ground, gently putting Sparkelz to the ground as if they cared.

Everything was too loud and quiet, he was in so much pain, please, please, oh god he's going to die, oh god, oh no, please, please, please, Eret you fucking-

"Why?" was all Sparkelz could push past his shaking lips. His head felt heavy and he was suddenly aware of the organ pulsating rapidly in his body.

Eret smiled, triumphant in the way an owl looks when they finally swallow their prey, hard to see but easy to notice if you watch them close enough.

"Well, technically I owe a great debt to the owner of this graveyard and they don't like trespassers, so I make sure to guard their privacy when I feel the need to... but, personally? You're a big threat, Sparkelz. Smart and determined enough to crack open this whole spider web of a case and come out with something that looks like a solution. But you're also caring, and I knew you would follow me out here, where no one could help or hear you. So simply..."

Eret removed her sunglasses, leaning down and tilting Sparkelz's rapidly deteriorating face, eyes already disintegrating and the right half of his body gone.

Their eyes were a blinding source of pure light, heavenly white and beautifully pure, and they looked like crescent moons as his grin widened.

"It was never meant to be."

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Schlatt puffed out a few rings of smoke, the nicotine running through his veins like a calming stream, making his tense shoulders relax just a bit. His hand found itself on Tubbo's back, rubbing up and down as they watched a bee documentary, though Schlatt can admit he wasn't really paying attention. His mind was elsewhere, mainly on his interaction with Ted early that week.

He had known Ted since preschool and trusted the man with his life. Though his claim was ridiculous. Some mystery man was sticking their nose in his son's business and Schlatt didn't know? What a fucking funny thought.

He couldn't help the harsher stroke he gave to his son's back, though the boy only took it as a sign to shuffle closer, dinosaur jammies bunching up. Tubbo blinked sleepily, not even trying to hide his sniffing as he smelled his dad. It was fucking weird, but to Schlatt, it was weirdly endearing. Really reminded himself of what he was like when he was younger.

Yeah, Tubbo would tell Schlatt if something was wrong. He had faith.

And if that thought didn't bug him day and night, Tubbo had started complaining about his head hurting often. He couldn't sleep in his bed by himself, and after two hours, Tubbo would be crawling into Schlatt's own bed and waking the man up with tears in his eyes. There wasn't much Schlatt could do but put a frozen pea bag on his head and put something on the TV to distract him. He didn't want to risk giving the boy any medical drugs. It didn't seem like a good idea.

Schlatt put out his cigarette after noticing Tubbo drifting off, falling asleep, and then waking right back up with a start before repeating the pattern. Schlatt pet his son's hair, "You doin' alright, kiddo?"

Tubbo hummed but didn't answer, little hands finding themselves into his dad's sweatshirt and loosely gripping it as if to hold on.

"Yeah, you're not doin' alright. Okay, okay," Schlatt slipped his hands under Tubbo's armpits, hugging him close as he stood up, "Let's get you to bed-"

Schlatt stopped when he caught a whiff of his son, but it... wasn't right. He didn't smell completely like Schlatt anymore, all sour berries and alcohol and cigarettes. He only smelled a little like Schlatt and now had the faint waft of metal and wood.

It smelled bad to him, making his nose scrunch up.

It smelled.... It smelled like a goddamn claim.

Schlatt felt his head get heavy and his vision got blurry. He hunched over slightly, Tubbo letting out a disgruntled noise from being crushed.

No, no, no, no- Tubbo was his baby! Some asshole couldn't just- just come and take him! That wasn't fair! Schlatt wouldn't allow it, oh hell no. He'll just lock Tubbo up, keep him safe, smother him until the claim fades-



“Daddy?” Tubbo murmured sleepily, “ ‘m tired. Wanna go to bed now.”

Schlatt blinked, but his temples still pounded to the beat of his enraged heart.

“Oh,” Schlatt came back to himself, standing straight up again, “Oh okay. Sure. Let’s get you to bed, bud. Yep.”

Schlatt walked up the stairs and went to his bedroom instead, plopping Tubbo down on his poorly made bed. Tubbo didn’t even notice it wasn’t his room, just humming a ‘thank you’ and what was probably meant to be a ‘goodnight’ before passing out, curled up like a kitten on Schlatt’s pillow. Schlatt only said a tense ‘night’ back before staring at his son.

He stared for an hour before moving again. He rubbed at his temples, vision coming in and out. Augh, fuck. He’ll deal with this later.

Schlatt went to his closet instead, pushing back shirts and suits before finding one that absolutely reeked in the back. It was an asphalt black suit, an egg-white-gone-dirty-grey button-up shirt, and a velvet red tie. Under it were horribly scuffed rose-red dress shoes, black laces untied and uneven in length. When the light hit it just right, it gave off a slight shine that looked brown-red. Maybe that’s what smelt so bad.

Schlatt pulled it out, nose scrunching, “Eugh. Really got to iron this shit out before I go for a visit.”

Schlatt took the suit and went to leave the room when Tubbo let out a snore, shuffling on the bed until he settled down again. He paused.

The suit was placed back in the closet (He could do it first thing tomorrow) and Schlatt climbed into the bed, pulling his son close. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep. The pounding of his temples kept him up for hours until it died down and he finally fell into a sweet slumber. No, sweet was the wrong word. Paranoid was a better word.

He did have good, sweet dreams.

Dreams that consisted of old memories of lakes, headaches, and blood.

You know. All the good stuff.

## Chapter End Notes

I have never written a chapter this long and plot-heavy and it really shows lol

The entire police force storyline is basically an AmongUs meme and Eret is the Impostor

Also don't be like "why would he say that?!?!" with Sapnap -- dude is an emotional preteen who just went through something traumatic and has no idea what's going on anymore, pls let him rest pls

What's going on with Sapnap? Eret? Schlatt and Tubbo?  
Guess you'll have to wait for me to be able to write again to see lmao

Thank you for reading, and please leave comments! They make me smile.

## **Not a Chapter - Technoblade**

Hello everyone. I know it's been a bit, but I feel that I must address this and let you all know what the plan is for the future.

As most of you most likely know by now (and if you don't, I'm sorry you have to find out this way), Technoblade – whose real name has been revealed to be Alex – has unfortunately passed away due to his cancer.

His death is absolutely heartbreaking, and I feel empty writing this. Technoblade/Alex was an incredibly funny, witty, and memorable person and I am honored that I was able to be one of his fans. Technoblade will forever live in my heart and I hope to always remember him.

His death will, of course, affect my writing and what I will produce. I do plan to finish this fic, and wrap up any oneshots or other fics that include him in it, but I am going to be holding back on a lot of “bad” parts that Technoblade was initially going to be apart of because while he is kind of a villain in the story, I feel sad and disrespectful even thinking about writing about super dark stuff with him.

After I finish this fic and all other fics/oneshots including Technoblade, any fics with Technoblade will be very rare. If I write one with him in it, he will most likely be mentioned or have a very small role.

I love the MCYT community and plan to continue writing about it, but I don't know if I will be able to write about Technoblade anymore after I finish everything currently going on with him in it.

It just hurts to even think about.

I just wanted to let you all know what the future holds and that I am so sorry for everyone: Technoblade's family, his friends, and all his fans. It's horrible that he died, and it is okay to feel horrible about his death. Grief is normal and it is a process.

I hope you all look after yourselves, fuck cancer, and rest in peace Technoblade.

# He Holds and He Tears

## Chapter Summary

Wilbur and Tommy bonding time with a special guest

Karl and Quackity with a spooky guest

An Officer's feelings

A confrontation

## Chapter Notes

IMPORTANT - Read end notes.

TW/CW - Confrontations, scary imagery

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was nearly bursting with excitement.

It had been a long week since he last saw Wilby and his two friends. The dinner party had been fun, leaving his cheeks hurting from smiling and his voice sore from laughing at all of Techno (“Beck” he giggly corrects) and Wilby’s antics. It didn’t help that Phil (no, no “Eli”) sighed with a certain kind of amused exasperation that always made his laughter increase by hundreds. However, Wilby had been busy since then, and Tommy was resigned to his older siblings and mom’s company once again to pass the time. Not that that was a bad thing! Tommy loved his family, but he still found himself missing the three men with a heavy sense of longing that clogged his throat.

However, his mommy had woken him up with a bright face, dark hair falling over her shoulder as she told him that Wilby was going to be watching over him later in the afternoon. His joy had been immeasurable as he jumped up and latched onto his mommy with a smile so large it hurt his face.

So, with all that, could anyone blame him for nearly bursting with elation?

So here he sat, on his mommy’s lap in the living room, peering out the window with wide eyes with a wonderful feeling dancing in his torso with each beat that expelled from his heart.

He gripped her hand and played with her wedding ring in anticipation. It was only reasonable for him to react with a loud shriek when he saw unruly chocolate swirls and broad shoulders come around the bend and up his driveway, a beige bag swung over Wilby's shoulder as the man bounded up the concrete. Clara grimaced but couldn't help the fondness sweep over her face as Tommy wriggled out of her lap and waddled quickly towards the door, jumping on the door in an uncanny similarity as a wriggly lap dog.

She stood up quickly, lilac skirt brushing against her ankles as she leaned over Tommy and opened the door with a welcoming grin that was returned by Will, glasses lopsided on his face, eyes squinting in mirth as his attention immediately turned to Tommy's screams of joy. Calloused hands scooped Tommy up, wrapping the squirming toddler in long arms as the man stepped into the home with Clara moving aside with a wider smile to allow the tall man in.

"Oh, Toms!" Wilbur cooed loudly, "Aren't you a sweet sight for sore eyes?"

Tommy gasped, baffled as he moved his little hands from Wilby's cheekbones to his eyes, glasses being pushed up to his forehead and almost falling off his face entirely, "Ah- what's wrong? What's wrong with your eyes, Wilby? Wilby hurt?"

The man laughed, a musical sound that rang throughout the house. He indulged the toddler with rosy cheeks as Tommy prodded at the corner of his eyes and the curve of his brow, eventually leaning away with a simple, "Wilby is fine, just an expression Tom."

Will turned his head to meet Clara's melted gaze, clearing his throat but hardly in an embarrassed way as he formally greeted her, "Hello Mrs. Simons! How are you this fine afternoon?"

"I'm doing well! How are you?" Clara led the pair farther into the home to the kitchen, reaching out towards the counter with a steaming pot and coffee machine, aiming to pour a cup of coffee for the two of them. Will plopped down carefully on one of the kitchen chairs, eyes no longer tracking the woman's form and staring down at Tommy who clutched at his sweater with big eyes. Dimples peaked out from the corner of his mouth as his crescent smile grew.

"Just fine."

"That's good! How is your family?" Clara set down an old Christmas mug next to Wilbur before straightening and taking a sip from her own mug, one decorated with stars and an eclipse. Will adjusted the attentive toddler in his lap, reaching around him to grab the cup and lifting towards his lips as he answered, "They're doing well. They've been... busy, to say the least."

"Aren't we all?" Clara jested, manicured hands cupping her mug, "Speaking of busy, as you know, I have to head to the school today for board meetings. It's most likely going to last all day, so if you could make sure to make Tommy dinner and give him a bath so he could get into his pajamas, it would mean the world."

“Of course,” Will agreed, “I was actually wondering if I could take Tommy down to the lake today.”

“I don’t see why not,” Clara shrugged, grabbing a black purse from the table and adjusting it on her shoulder, “Just make sure to apply lots of sunscreen and to take his toys and towels from the closet. It’s the one down the hall to the right.”

Clara leaned down and gave a quick kiss to Tommy’s forehead before turning on her heel and heading towards the door, peeking back at them one last time with a strong grip on her morning energy source, “Have fun, baby, and listen to Will!”

“Bye-bye,” Tommy sing-songed in reply. He twisted his hands into Will’s soft blue sweater, cheek pressed against a sewn-in goose with something sharp clutched in its mouth, white and orange yarn like a cloud as it abutted onto his skin. The house and its two residents were silent, save for the click of the lock and the receding steps of Tommy’s mother. Even when the car’s engine roared and its tires crunched spare twigs on the driveway, neither spoke, Tommy waiting for Wilby to say something, anything. He didn’t. It was only after the car had fully driven away and the silence became stifling did Wilby finally do something.

This something being curling around Tommy with a deep inhale, nose nudging between wispy curls. Tommy squirmed to try and get comfortable, body scrunching up in the man’s hold, long limbs contorting to trap Tommy within his embrace. Calloused fingers caressed his back and he hummed a musical note, Tommy letting out a held-in breath, face squished between Wilby’s shoulder blade and collarbone.

“Oh *sunshine*,” Wilbur cooed, voice delicate like fresh snow, “How I missed you. I could barely keep myself together as each day passed.”

Tommy burrowed into the hug and Wilby clutched him harder, curls intertwining as he tilted his head.

They stayed like that until Wilbur pulled back and pressed a soft kiss to his forehead before standing, hauling Tommy up and up. Wilbur smiled a genuine thing, “Now, let’s get ready to go visit my home, yes?”

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The sand near the lakeshore is pleasantly cool, the surrounding trees casting their shadow and keeping the small beach below away from the harsh rays of the sun. It’s soft and dry, and Tommy is getting frustrated with its loose consistency, messy sandcastles collapsing as soon as they are made.

He’s in his swimsuit and shirt now, lathered in so much sunscreen he feels slippery, a familiar bucket-hat placed on his head. Philza and Techie had left as soon as Wilby and him arrived after a long walk through the woods, soft smiles and caring hands as they said their hellos and goodbyes. Philza had grabbed his hat and placed it on Tommy’s head with an indulgent grin, chuckling when Tommy briefly struggled with the sudden weight set on his head.

He let out a heavy sigh, tilting his head to make the hat go backwards on him. He heard a watery giggle from the lake. Tommy lifted his head in response and gave his harshest glare which only made Wilby giggle some more, lips curling up to showcase sharp needle-like teeth.

Wilby was in the lake, looking normal again – or, rather, *his* normal. Wet curls stick to his molding skin, pitch-black eyes staring directly into Tommy's own blue, droplets of water trailing down his nose and neck from where he lounges submerged under murky green.

Tommy pouted, "Don' laugh!"

"I can't help it! You're adorable," Wilby cooed a thing of soft vibrato. One of his boney fingers trailing in the damp sand, drawing a long line.

" 'm not! 'm a big man!" Tommy puffed his chest out, hat flopping ridiculously over his forehead, shading his wide eyes. He threw down a clump of gross sand, some remaining between his small digits. Wilby only laughed more at the toddler's dramatic actions, flicking sand at the boy teasingly which earned him a harsh glare. Or, as harsh as Tommy's glare could have been. Tommy shoved his shovel into the soup-y ground and threw what he gathered at the man, landing a bit too short but splattering onto his hand nonetheless which Wilbur gave a grand gasp at.

The older narrowed his eyes playfully and Tommy stifled the giggly feeling in his chest, ready to run away from Wilby-

Tommy hesitated as Wilby's eyes snapped to something behind him, sloppily lunging at him and curling around him *tightly* . His body seemed icy and there was stillness in the air that was *scary* . Tommy felt his eyes burn. He didn't like this. He went to tell Wilby of his discomfort when an unfamiliar and certainly unwelcome voice called out loudly, "Aw, sorry! Didn't mean to interrupt!"

The tone was teasing and there was smug laughter interwoven in each syllable, the crunch and shifting of forestry sounding out softly. It wasn't Phil with his silly accent and wasn't Techie with his gruffness, so who was it? Tommy shifted to look, hat having fallen off his head at the suddenness of Wilby's movements, but froze when something dangerous rang out from under his ears. It was like a clicking noise, low yet consistent, and it was coming from the man who moved backwards slowly like a hunted predator.

Apparently, the clicking was prominent enough for the stranger to hear, who snickered, "Now, now, hold your horses lover boy. I come in peace!"

"I don't care," Wilby spat, shoulders folding in and body contorting at a protective angle, hiding his boy from sight, "I don't want you here. Leave."

"Wow," The stranger drew out the 'o' dramatically, "Somebody woke up on the wrong side of the lake this morning."

"Real original," Wilby snorted cruelly, moving backwards again. The sand shifted, a vague sound, as the stranger moved fully onto the beach. The stranger responded only with a light

chuckle.

“Listen, I know you're busy right now with... whatever you're suffocating... but I need to talk to you. It's urgent,” The stranger's attitude changed, simmering down into something serious, “I know we don't talk much anymore but... but I need your family's help.”

The tension remained, the sound of a fish leaping out of water interrupting the silent lapse between them.

“... Please,” the stranger added awkwardly. Wilby sighed heavily, shoulders loosening slowly, but he didn't let go of Tommy. It was almost like he *couldn't*.

“Fine... on one condition. You turn your ass around and wait for me in the woods,” Wilby said sternly, a few more clicks erupting from his slimy throat. The stranger must have shown a sign of agreement as footsteps receding sounded and Wilby began maneuvering backwards, still crouched in an unnatural position. It was highly uncomfortable, and Tommy clutched Wilby's drenched sweater with a displeased whine.

Who was the stranger? Why was Wilby being so mean and weird? Why did he grab him like that?

Tommy's cheek was pressed against Wilby's chest harshly as the man traversed into a cave, one that Tommy had seen the minute Wilby had brought him to the little section of beach, Phil chirping (like a bird, which was thoroughly amusing to Tommy) at the sight of the two of them. Water trickled down the walls and there was a gross smell that lingered on the rocks and moss, Tommy's nose scrunching up in displeasure at the scent. Wilby hurried over to a bed of damp moss, setting Tommy down and fumbling with the boy's toys he must have grabbed during the strange stand-off.

“Okay sunshine,” Wilbur breathed, tilting the boy's head up, sweet blue meeting abyss, “Listen to me. You *must* not leave this cave no matter *what* . Wilby will be back, he has to deal with an old man who doesn't know when to stay away, okay?”

Despite the bubbling ball of unease inside Tommy's chest, he nodded with a small, “Okay Wilby.”

The creature smiled down at the toddler, long fingers tangling in sweet curls as he pressed a quick kiss to his boy's nose.

He would have to make this quick. The thought of leaving his Tommy alone was nerve-racking, so who could blame him for calmly exiting their home before practically running to the woods with a raging fury in his soul. How *dare* that fucking bastard come here unannounced? Did he have a damn death wish?

Stepping over fallen logs and avoiding bushes, Wilbur had to contain himself from jumping the dumbass when he laid his eyes on his form, horns curling like ribbons and sharp suit out of place in the green trees and fallen twigs.



“You have exactly one minute to explain what the *fuck* you’re doing here,” Wilbur hissed to the bitch who turned around with a small, wavering smile, too tired for his facade.

“Don’t worry, old friend,” The motherfucker – Schlatt – tilted his head in a kind of weakened devilish glory, amber eyes glistening, “That’s all I need.”

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Karl cracked his knuckles as he traversed around fallen logs and muddy piles of just- ew. Insects swam in the air, critters skittering in the distance, and the bumbling sound of a car traversing the cracked roads echoing somewhere behind him. His heart is thudding hard in his chest. Knowing that there was another creature out there who was preventing him from figuring out more about the other monsters and town was- well, it was really shitty, to say the least.

Karl doubts this is a smart idea, traveling back to a quiet, dreary night in hopes of finding the creature. His sneaker narrowly misses a divet in the ground and Karl’s hands feel somewhat numb.

The moon is his only light source. He never knew a forest could be so dark and so intimidating but he pushes forward, twigs poking into his skin as he passes by.

He reaches out towards a tree to cross a log when a noise rings out behind him, and he turns, lungs shriveling where he chokes on a gasp. This was a bad idea, a really bad idea, oh shit, oh no, the fucking thing has found *him* -

“Holy FUCK-” A short figure with messy black hair and an angry face clumsily stumbles out behind an ivy-covered tree. Karl feels his brain short circuit because there is no fucking way Quackity is fucking here with him, back in time, in the middle of a pitch black woods. Despite only knowing one short, dumb guy who cusses in such a specific way, Karl still calls out a quiet, “Quackity?”

Quackity’s head snaps towards his direction, eyes widening like a cartoon’s as he runs forwards and collapses against the brunette who lets out an ‘oof’ noise. The two embrace each other with Quackity letting out a breathless, “Karl! My friend! Oh, how I missed your face!”

While normally, Karl would snicker at his friend’s exaggerated actions and words, he can’t help but feel fearful at their predicament. Why was he here? How did he get into the past? What if the creature acts now? Fuck. The Creature.

Karl pulls back despite the desperate grip of Quackity, opening his mouth hurriedly with weak legs, “Quackity- there- there is something *here* -”

Karl’s eyes fall behind Quackity and there, standing unnaturally still with a rosy face and antlers like an elk’s with those glazy eyes, is the creature.

And it looks *pissed*.

---

Officer Minx sighs, brushing dark hair back over her shoulder as she stands over the printing machine. It had been a long couple of days with no real leads, and honestly? She just wanted to be at home with her cats. All her fellow officers were either out on patrol or in meetings, maybe the lucky few at home resting. Well, all except for one.

Officer Kingston stood at the coffee table at the other end of the room. Their large hands tearing open a sugar packet to add to their mug of coffee, a golden crown design following the curve of the cup. She stares at him for a moment. Something since that night two weeks ago had changed them. It was vague but there and she couldn't for the fucking life of her figure it out.

Well, it would make sense for them to be a little off, she supposes. The papers that print out under her tired eyes prove it: **ATTENTION! – Hypixel Policeman Missing.**

She tries to ignore the shiver she gets when Kingston walks by.

She tries to dismiss the outrageous thought that maybe, *maybe* they had smiled at the portrait printed onto dozens of papers.

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“Ello, mate,” The Angel of Death with the bloody shadow of The Blood God hovering over him calls out to a Monster who looks out boredly across it's cemetery, “I think it's time we had a chat.”

## Chapter End Notes

So... hi. Been a while.

I've been wanting to update this fic for some time but some stuff happened and i'd like to talk about it bc I don't want any of you to think I just abandoned this fic.

This summer I finished up my PE credits, which is GREAT! Then I attended my cousin's wedding in Texas and my aunt's wedding to her high school sweetheart of 20+ years in Key West. After that, ofc, school started again.

Over time, many emotions built up without me realizing how serious it was getting. Then in October, a week after my birthday, a lot of things began happening at once and long story short I had a relatively small breakdown and became depressed. I lost motivation to do a lot of things which included writing.

I have just started truly returning back to normal and am now getting my motivation back and I hope to keep it.

Thank you all for being patient with me and i hope you can be kind to me and my mental health as I am still struggling a bit. This fic is going to 100% be completed one

day and would you look at that — it's two days pass the one year anniversary!!! so happy belated anniversary DMT (WNM?)!!!

tysm as always and i will see you all soon <3

—

if you're interested, join my server on [discord](#) to share art, talk about fics, and share your writing!!!

follow me on Twitter for updates and bits! - @NoxStraw

## **we all know where this is going (not an update, but an end)**

So... hi. It's been a long time since I updated this fic, and to be honest, I don't know how many of you even read this anymore. Some of you may have already assumed that I was taking a break to continue this fic, or that it was discontinued, which isn't far off. After some events that took place in my life, my mental health took a turn for the worse, and I didn't have the energy to do a lot of the things I enjoyed. This included writing, especially for the DSMP. Eventually, the more time that went by without writing or brainstorming for it, the more my love for it diminished.

I had thought that one day, I could come back and continue writing for this, even if no one read it. This fic was one of the first that I ever published, and it was the first to gather so much attention. I remember waking up in the hotel room I was sharing with my mom during Thanksgiving Break, opening my hand-me-down iPhone 6, and being shocked at all the comments the first chapter had received. This fic made me realize how fun writing was, and how much better it was to share with others. I loved it deeply. That's why I promised myself that I would force myself to finish if I had to.

I don't like to leave works without an ending, but I feel it is necessary to do so in this scenario.

For those of you who don't know, Wilbur Soot recently confirmed that he was Shelby's/Shubble's abuser. He confirmed it through an "apology" he posted on Twitter/X. So for those of you who were on the fence, waiting for some kind of statement, it's here.

I wish I could say I was surprised, but after reading through some Reddit posts yesterday and making the connections, I wasn't.

I will be leaving important Reddit posts' links, along with Shelby's story (whom I want to commend for her courage to come out and speak about this personal and vulnerable issue so bravely—I wish her all the best) below. I think it would be best for all of you to read/see it for yourself rather than for me, a fanfic writer on AO3, to break it down and perhaps cloud your judgment with my own biased opinions.

If it isn't clear, I do not support Wilbur Soot. I want nothing to do with him or anything his name has touched. I want nothing to do with people who support him instead of Shelby. Admittedly, I have never watched her streams or videos, but all I need to know is that she is a sweet person who was abused, and I cannot continue writing her abuser's persona/character in any of my works. I refuse to do it. I will always have a soft spot for this fic, but I cannot leave its status unanswered like this, and give people the impression one day it will potentially update.

Again, I'm making my stance clear: abuse is not okay, and I won't write about an abuser's character/persona (especially with Wilbur often being the dark "hero" in the majority of my fics). The Dream controversies made me ponder and lean towards putting my DSMP fics on a

permanent hiatus, but Wilbur getting exposed was the nail in the coffin. I hope you all can understand why I cannot continue writing for this fandom.

Additionally, if any of you are curious, the ending of Do Mi Ti was going to be a happy one. The cryptids would have been discovered, and the police would command a manhunt, which revealed their true forms. They would essentially agree to co-exist due to the kids they took in as their own. Not a very thrilling or cool ending, but it is one that I had from the start. I hope I can make better stories and endings in the future here lol (naturally they will be for different fandoms than this one).

So yes, this is the last time I will touch/update/interact with any of my DSMP fics.

Therefore, I want to say thank you to everyone who left a kudos, comment, fanart, or a bookmark on my works no matter how cringy (and trust me, a lot were cringe looking back). Furthermore, I want to express my appreciation to all the friends (both online and IRL) I made along the way and supported me, as well as all the good experiences I had in this fandom and on AO3 in general. I also want to personally thank whoever put my fic on r/DreamSMPfanfic in 2023, which I just found out about lmao. You all made 2021-2022 me so fucking happy.

Thank you all again, and support Shelby above all and anyone else affected by Soot's cruelty. Stay safe, and I hope to see you all around.

Much love, Nox <3

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[Reddit 1 \(Speculation/evidence 1\)](#)

[Reddit 2 \(Speculation/evidence 2\)](#)

[Reddit 3 \(Wilbur's statement\)](#)

[Shelby's story](#)

End Notes

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Works inspired by this one

[I Asked for a Monster and You Gave Me a Fairytale](#) by Anonymous

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!